

Bellefonte



Republican.

Established in 1869.

"Let Us See To It that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN.

Terms: \$1.50 per Year

VOL. XXIII

BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1892.

NO. 20

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.

WILLIAM WOOD, (of Philadelphia.)
B. F. JONES, (of Allegheny.)
J. FRANCIS DUNLAP, (of Lancaster.)
WILLIAM H. SAWYER, (of Delaware.)

DELEGATES-AT-LARGE TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

HAMILTON DISTON, } Philadelphia
WILLIAM L. ELKINS, }
HARRY W. OLIVER, } Allegheny.
WILLIAM FLINN, }
H. CLAY MCCORMICK, (of Lycoming.)
LYMAN D. GILBERT, (of Dauphin.)
FRANK REEDER, (of Northampton.)
S. A. DAVENPORT, (of Erie.)The Christian Endeavor Society of Hunt
ington county will hold its convention at
Mt. Union on Friday, May 27th."Boies or bust" appears to be the cry
of the Iowa Democracy. But it may be
"Boies and bust" if the convention wills it.The wall paper trust is a nest but not
gaudy monopoly. Its projectors calculate
that it will fit the helpless public just like
the paper on the wall.The political interests of the Knights of
Labor will be cast with the People's Party
this year, unless one of the other parties
should support the principles advocated
by them.CHICAGO buyers purchased 10000 barrels
of whiskey in one lot last Monday. It
will be observed that preparations for
the National Democratic Convention are
going on rapidly.A thousand chinamen, members of the
Congregational church in California and
Oregon, have sent two missionaries to
their native land, and have organized a
foreign missionary society.There are 350 Christian Endeavor socie-
ties in the state with 11,880 active and
4,970 associate members. This is a growth
of 159 societies, 5,230 active and 1,970
associate members the past year.Many people in the South are opposed
to the duty on cotton bagging because
Southern planters grow cotton and think
they are oppressed. Yet under the policy
of protection, two pound bagging fell fromThe floods in the South and West are
by all odds the most reprehensible cold
water movements ever witnessed in those
regions. Unlike prohibition movements
in general, it is sweeping every thing
before it.MR. POWDERLY says that the World's
Fair should be as open on Sunday as any
other day of the week, in order to ac-
commodate the working classes. This is one
of the strongest arguments in favor of Sun-
day opening.The Sultan of Turkey is the Sick Man
sure enough, this time, and there is an
alarming likelihood that he will shortly
quit the Sultan business forever. His
Celestial Upness is suffering from nervous
disorder, and his condition is as shaky as
his throne.FARMERS in every part of the state are
awakening to the need of better roads.
This is an indication that the initial step
in the direction of reform will soon be
taken. The farmers of Centre county
should not only interest themselves in
good roads but in the question of having
free roads by the abolition of the hateful
toll gates.THAT REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN KAISER
Wilhelm, has done many unaccountable
things since he assumed the reign of power,
but his public and repeated laudation and
rewarding of a sentry who a few weeks ago
shot down in cold blood a couple of inno-
cent civilians quite breaks the record. The
Germans are wildly indignant. Wilhelm
is a very rash young man. His disposi-
tion to infect everything about him with
militarism will plunge him into great
trouble before long.A HILL DELEGATE to the NEW HAMPSHIRE
State Convention last week. Wednes-
day created a sensation by rising and ex-
claiming: "I charge Grover Cleveland and
his past administration with disloyalty and
unfaithfulness to the rank and file of the
democratic party." The delegate was ruled
out of order amid groans and hisses. If all
democrats who think as he does were
thrust out of the party there would be
nothing left of it but a few Mugwump
worshippers of the stuffed pretender.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, MAY 16, '92.

"The President," said a member of the
republican national committee, "is to my
certain knowledge much more concerned
about the success of the ticket to be nomi-
nated at Minneapolis than about who shall
head it. He wishes the convention to be
harmonious, and would like to see the
nomination made by acclamation, who-
ever may be selected to head the ticket.
Whatever his friends are doing, and some
of them are doing harm, both to him and
the party, I know that he is doing nothing
to bring about his own nomination, and
further that has fully made up his mind
that he will not enter a struggle to obtain
the nomination, because of his belief that
the ill-will left by such a struggle would
have a tendency to endanger the success
of the party." The President is now on
the Chesapeake Bay with his invalid wife.
He will return to Washington the middle
of the week.

Another sudden death; another funeral
in the Senate chamber, and another Sena-
tor's seat shrouded in black. The sudden
death of Senator Barbour of Virginia, who
went to bed Friday night in excellent
spirits and in apparently good health, and
died of heart disease at an early hour
Saturday morning, has fallen like a pall
upon his colleagues in Congress, among
whom he was deservedly popular by reason
of his many endearing personal quali-
ties. His funeral took place this after-
noon, and the remains, accompanied by a
committee from the House and Senate
and numerous friends, were taken to
Poplar Grove, Md., for interment. Al-
ready the Virginia democrats in Congress
have begun wire pulling to name his suc-
cessor.

This week will probably close the Pen-
sion office investigation which has been
from the first nothing but a bitter attempt
to break down the personal character of
General Raum, an attempt which has
most miserably failed, as all such attempts
ought to fail. The few witnesses yet to
be heard are those named by Gen. Raum.
Senator Gorman's defense of the expendi-
tures authorized by the Fifty-first Con-
gress, while perhaps entirely unintended
was a practical acknowledgement that the
charge of extravagance upon which the
democrats, aided by tariff misrepresenta-
tions, obtained control of the present
House of Representatives, was false. He
said there had been an increase in the ap-
propriations made by each succeeding Con-
gress since the Forty-fifth, with the ex-
ception of the Forty-eighth, and called at-
tention to the fact that the total expendi-
tures under the Cleveland administration
were greater than under Arthur's just as
those of the present administration will
exceed those of the Cleveland administra-
tion, and he closed with these words, which
certainly have a strange sound, coming
from a man who may be the democratic
candidate for President: "And, as the
country grows and you go on with the
construction of your navy and open the
harbors and deepen the rivers and make
great guns for the Army and Navy, these
expenditures must increase."

The Congressional prophets have been
in "hard luck" for a long time. The
prompt reporting of the river and harbor
bill to the Senate was directly contrary to
their prediction that it was to be held
back in order to force the House into
agreeing to Senate amendments to ap-
propriation bills. The Senate committee
increased the bill a little more than a mil-
lion, making it carry a total of \$22,470,118.
It will be taken up as soon as the naval
bill is disposed of, and there is no reason
to believe there will be any unusual delay
in disposing of it. The Senate Commerce
committee in its report on this bill gave
notice that it would report no river and
harbor bill next year.

If you wish to hear a choice collection of
"cuss words," you have only to ask the
average democratic member of the House
when the astounding exposures of republic-
an crookedness, promised by the numer-
ous House investigating committees, are
to be made.

A very shrewd scheme is being worked
here to get the support of western repub-
lican senators for a combination bill plac-
ing binding-twine and refined sugar on the
free list. The bill placing binding-twine
on the free list has already been passed by
the House, and the present scheme is to
get a republican Senator from the west to
offer an amendment thereto, when it
comes up in the Senate, a section placing
refined sugar on the free list.

Senator Mills is responsible for a revival
of the chestnut about the bankrupt condi-
tion of the U. S. Treasury Claims upon that
institution are, however, still worth one
hundred cents to the dollar, and are
promptly paid upon presentation, just as
they will continue to be.

The Prince of Wales is reported to be
suffering from a throat affection similar to

that which caused the death of the Em-
peror Frederick of Prussia. He was under
the treatment of Sir Morrell Mackenzie a
short time previous to that eminent
specialist's death and since then there has
been no abatement of the disease. Roy-
alty, like the rest of humanity, is subject
to the ills to which flesh is heir.

CANADA AND OUR TARIFF.

The report that Canada will "strike
back" in retaliation for the McKinley act,
which has undoubtedly given the farmers
of Northern New York and other sections
of the United States much of the business
once done by Canadians, is not as alarming
as would appear by headlines in democra-
tic papers. The Canadian barley fields
having in part lost their occupation, to
the advantage of growers on this side of
the line, Canadians are, the report is, to
plant these fields to beet sugar. The Can-
adians will raise lots of it. They will sweeten
their own country and this this, and they
will force our Louisiana cane growers to
cringe for mercy.

Success. To have Canada solve the prob-
lem and, incidentally, pay the bills for ex-
perimental efforts, will please us Americans
immensely. We have large areas of
Western land as well adapted for beet
sugar culture as in Canadian soil; and we
will gladly sow that to beets when the
time comes and add Canada in the output.
All this of course, is conditional on
Florida. If Hamilton Diston is right,
the rich everglades of that State will soon
produce all the sugar the world consumes.

We of the United States do not rejoice
over the loss of exports to our country
from Canada occasioned by the McKinley
act. We do not rejoice over the en-
hanced prosperity of our own producers.
Any industry that our cousins across
the line may find profitable will have our
best wishes. The United States will
undoubtedly absorb Canada some day,
when that time comes the more resources
the dominion has the richer our acquisition.

HIS USUAL ANSWER.

"Hello, Central!"
"What number, please?"
"Let me have New York."
"Got it?"
"Hello, New York! I want to be con-
nected with Grover Cleveland's office."
"There it is."
"Hello! Is Mr. Cleveland in? I'd like
to speak to him personally."
"I'll see."
"Is that Mr. Cleveland, please?"
"Yes, sir."
"What do you think of the action of the
Iowa Convention, Mr. Cleveland?"
"I have nothing to say."
"Why do you suppose your name wasn't
mentioned in the platform?"
"I have nothing to say."
"What do you think of the speech of
Mr. Urch, in the New Hampshire Demo-
cratic Convention, in which he charged
you with disloyalty and unfaithfulness
to the rank and file of the Democratic party?"
"I have nothing to say."
"Fine day, isn't it?"
"I have nothing to say."
"Good morning, Mr. Cleveland. Thank
you for the interview."
"I have nothing to say."

Very little is to be gained by discussion
of the question whether drunkenness is a
habit or a disease. It may be both. In
the beginning it is merely a habit, but if
the appetite be fed it will culminate in
disease. When this happens medical
treatment is certain to be beneficial, but
that must be directed toward eliminating
the poison from the system and strength-
ening the nerves. Drunkenness as a disease
can only be permanently cured by an
active and continuous exertion of the will
of its victim. If the man can be kept sober
for two weeks he can withstand the de-
mands of appetite if he will. The chief
difficulty is in keeping him away from
liquor for that length of time. Afterwards
there is the danger that he will imagine
himself strong enough to take an occasional
drink, whereas abstinence is his only
safeguard.

QUAY'S EDITORIAL TRAINING.

Senator Quay's article in May number
of the North American Review upon "The
Man or the Platform" will create a sensa-
tion. It reveals the Beaver Statesman as
the possessor of a singularly graphic and
lucid style. Senator Quay's early training
in the editorial chair was evidently not
wasted upon the subservient Warwick of
his time.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

The order of P. O. S. of A. of Belle-
fonte and vicinity are endeavoring to get
up a celebration for the fourth of July, and
have written to other lodges of the state
in relation to the matter. We hope they
may succeed and wake the town up for
one day at least.

TO DANCE OR NOT TO DANCE.

A petition has been introduced in the
Methodist Convention now in session in
Omaha which aims at a new departure.

Its purpose is to expunge from the dis-
cipline that section which pronounces dan-
cing an immoral or at least an improper
pleasure.

No Church has taken stronger ground on
this subject than the Methodists. They
have frowned upon that innocent enjoy-
ment as chief among the vanities and in-
dicative of an empty head and a frivolous
heart.

But the youngsters have come to the
front with overwhelming force and demand-
ed recognition. The petition was offered
by a reverend gentleman and seconded
by a large number of laymen who may
possibly be able to speak from experience
on the sinfulness of this universal pastime.

We desire to be counted on the side of
the coming generation. There is no reason
why religion should be either sombre or
gloomy. It is not heterodox to enjoy a
spasm of hearty laughter or to let one's
feet slip gayly over the floor in merry
mood.

If dancing is the worst offence a boy
commits the Church may well afford to
extend its hand and bid him to be cheer-
ful as long as he can, for the hardships of
life will sober him quite soon enough.

THE KNEEL OF THE MONARCHIES.

It is evident that the people of Belgium
are bent upon such a modification of their
Constitution as will extend the right of
suffrage to the masses.

As a result of the debate in the Bru-
xelles House of Representatives on Tues-
day, it was unanimously agreed to that
Clause 47 of the Constitution should be so
changed as to meet the popular demands.
The clause in question limits the franchise
to 120,000 citizens, and has always been
considered the bulwark of the Constitution.
It was also decided to remodel the
clause which refers to the electoral com-
position, and also to so revise Clause 26 as
to enable the King, in certain cases, to
consult directly the electoral body by
means of the referendum.

This condition of affairs in Belgium is
an impressive commentary on the trend
of the political tide throughout Europe.

The European labor party has been
making such imposing demonstrations in
favor of universal suffrage for years past
that the public opinion, which is always
controlled in the end by the wants and
wishes of the laboring people, has under-
gone a complete revolution on the subject,
and signal victories have been achieved
for popular liberty in France, England
and elsewhere.

The same heaven is powerfully working
in Germany, Italy and Russia; and
wherever oppression exists and the
people's wrongs find a tongue to fearlessly
plead for light and liberty, the dark clouds
of despotism are pierced by the herald
rays of freedom. The people constitute
society and government, and will yet
universally make their laws and control
their destinies.

The demand for the ballot means the
death of the monarchies.

A movement of some importance to the
young architects and draughtsmen of
Pennsylvania has just been started by the
School of Architecture of the University
of Pennsylvania. The idea is to found a
travelling scholarship in architecture,
which will give to one promising draughts-
man every year the advantage of a twelve-
month of travel and study in Europe. Any
draughtsman resident in Pennsylv-
ania will be allowed to compete, and it
is expected that the first examination
will be held, and the first man sent
abroad next Spring. To give the scholar-
ship a solid foundation \$20,000 will be
necessary, yielding an annual income of
\$1000. A good start has already been
made towards the securing of this money.
The architects of Philadelphia have given
the plan their hearty endorsement, and it
is hoped that the cooperation of the pro-
fession throughout the State may also be
secured.

In announcing the University's deter-
mination Prof. Warren P. Laird, of the
School of Architecture said that the idea
of the scholarship is based directly upon
the Roch Travelling Scholarship, of Bos-
ton, which was founded nine years ago,
and has been very successful, having de-
veloped several young men who are now
among the leading architects of that city.
Since then one other scholarship has been
founded in Boston, and two in New York.
The testimony in both cities is a unit in
favor of the idea, which has resulted in
promoting an increased interest in real
study among architects generally, and has
also given a wonderful stimulus to the
younger men in the profession. A large
number of the sketches plans, and water-
color drawings, submitted in competition
for the Retch Scholarship, have been se-
cured and an exhibition is to be given in

Philadelphia during the current month.
This seems to us to be a grand project
well worthy of imitation such a scholarship
should be established at the State College
we have always thought that a great state
like this should have its State College the
equal of any other institution in the
world.

FACTS FOR WORKINGMEN.

Let the wage earners of the country
judge the theories of the democratic free
traders by the facts. Let them consider
how much better off workingmen are un-
der protection in the United States than
are their fellow workers in England, un-
der a free trade system such as democrats
are clamoring to have adopted here.

In England the average weekly earn-
ings in 102 occupations, including carpen-
ters, smiths, masons, tinners, engineers,
mechanics, painters, copper-smiths and
laborers amount to \$6.27, while in this
country the average earnings of those en-
gaged in the same employment are \$12.05
a week. Instructive figures relating to the
relative amount of wages and cost of living
here and abroad are contained in the re-
port of the Commissioner of Labor trans-
mitted yesterday to the President. Those
figures show that the average income of
families is, in the cotton industry, \$657.76
in the United States and \$556.14 in Great
Britain; in the woolen industry \$663.13
in the United States and \$515.04 in Great
Britain, and in the glass industry \$859.64
here, as against \$501.69 there. The average
yearly expenditures for a family in the
cotton industry are in this country \$610.61
leaving \$47.15 saved, and in Great Britain
\$502.13, leaving a surplus of \$4.01 in the
woolen industry \$594.09 here, leaving
\$299.04 remaining, and \$481.54 over there,
leaving a balance of \$34; in the glass in-
dustry \$769.06 here, leaving \$90.58 saved,
and \$460.44 there, leaving \$41.25 saved.

Why do our workingmen receive higher
wages than are paid in Great Britain? Be-
cause of Republican protection. Let them
remember this.

A TRADE BUREAU.

We have received on our exchange list
for years the Columbia Courier, edited by
A. M. Rambo. Although we do not re-
member ever to have met this gentleman
yet his name is as familiar to us as our
own. We see now that our editorial friend
has struck out in a new line of business at
13 South Eighth St., Phila. which is de-
signed on his business card as "Rambo's
Trade Bureau," and which in his circular
is further explained as a place where
country buyers can buy everything from a
brick house to a penny whistle. His
charges for this service are very reason-
able. He also sells steamship ticket, rail-
road ticket, sleeping car ticket, boarding
places and hotel rooms secured, stock
purchased, printing bills collected, law
business looked after of whatever nature
in the strictest confidence; auction sales
attended, detective services furnished.
Here is a chance for Bellefonte wives to
find out what their husbands are doing
when in the city. All this he does and
much more. He furnishes the best of
reference. If you write to him he will
send you full particulars. Address as
above.

That bridge opening at Memphis is one
of the biggest spring openings of this
season.

An Elkton woman aged eighty-four, has
committed suicide. Mournful lack of
patience.

The Democrats have a great many favor-
ite sons, but the Republican favorite is
Jim Blaine.

A man never knows what he can do
until he tries, and then he is often sorry
that he found out.

Philadelphia can't have its new Mint,
because such a mint of money has gone
in other directions.

The democrats of Iowa have declared
for Boies for president. Platform: Free
trade and free whiskey.

Democratic favorite sons continue to
rise. All but one will set in June, and he
will go below the horizon in November.

If the Wyoming Democrats send female
delegates to Chicago, they might vote
with Iowa's delegates for Boies. It's a way
girls have.

The veteran campaigner, Hon. Edward
McPherson, of Pennsylvania, is again in
his old place as Secretary of the Republi-
can Congressional Campaign committee.

The old type and presses of the defunct
Blair County Radical have been sold to a
printer of Millintown, Pa., who intends
starting an eight column weekly paper,
which will be the fifth paper for Millintown.

The fellow who pawned his coat for a
pistol, and tried to shoot another fellow
would have been far wiser if he had kept
his coat on. But men don't always use the
best judgment when they, as well as their
pistols, are loaded.

THE PRESIDENT'S DANGER.

Between two and three hundred dele-
gates are under instructions or semi-in-
structions to vote at Minneapolis for the
renomination of President HARRISON. The
bulk of the delegates are without instruc-
tions. The President will have a large fol-
lowing, but his nomination is not yet in-
sured. There are two or three elements
of danger which he may or may not over-
come.

First, there is the fact that his instruct-
ed strength is for the most part in the South.
It comes from States that are hopelessly
Democratic. The great States of the
North—the Republican States—are largely
represented by delegates not under in-
structions. These States may deem it
wise to turn in for HARRISON and make his
nomination practically unanimous. On
the other hand, they may insist upon
nominating BLAINE against his wishes. It
is yet too early to predict what is to hap-
pen. The situation is likely to be consid-
ered very carefully before the first ballot is
cast.

Again, the President suffers for want of
leadership. Unless it be General SEWELL
or Senator CULLOM, there is not a leader
of national reputation engaged in promot-
ing his campaign. A half dozen men
known for their political wisdom would
count much for the President, but these
men are all favorable to BLAINE as the
one Republican above all others. They
will be heard from at Minneapolis, and
their opinion must inevitably carry weight.

But there is no necessity for losing any
sleep over the outcome. Every name
mentioned among the Presidential possi-
bilities is that of a good Republican, and
the country would be safe under the ad-
ministration of any of them. A good
ticket will be nominated in any event,
whether it be HARRISON or BLAINE or
someone else. It will be a ticket that
every Republican can support.

What the Republican party wants to do
this year is to win the election. In that
spirit the delegates should assemble and
confer together.

There is a law in Pennsylvania, enacted
in 1879 and approved by Governor Hoyt,
providing "that any person liable to road
tax who shall transplant to the side of the
public highway on his own premises any
fruit, shade or forest trees shall be allowed
by the supervisors of roads, in abatement
of his road tax, one dollar for every four
trees set." The next time Governor Patter-
son shall issue an arbor day proclamation
the provisions of the law should be added
by way of postscript. Nothing goes so far
toward the encouragement of public-spirited
undertakings as a cash inducement.

THE UNION VETERANS IN CHARLESTON.
W. Va., and patriotic citizens generally
objected naturally to the presence of the
emblem of secessions at the services in
memory of confederate soldiers in that
place yesterday. The hotheads had patri-
otism enough to hang the unpleasant
memory beneath the Stars and Stripes, but
it would be well if there was a general
understanding that the confederate flag
has use now only as a curiosity.

This country has many politicians, few
statesmen. There are loud mouthed de-
mocrats in New York who would be
vocoiferous republicans if they lived in
Pennsylvania, and very active republicans
in Pennsylvania who would be shouting
for democratic leaders if they were citizens
of New York. They have but one convic-
tion, and it is identical in every case.

It seems that WILLIAM R. MORRISON of
Illinois is backing CARLISLE of Kentucky
for President. This being the case, it is
more than likely that the CARLISLE boom
will suffer some severe horizontal reduction
before it is much older.

It is best formulated in the expression:
"Look out for No. one." They know
little and care less for principles; the con-
trol of public office and the assimilating
of "boodle" is there Alpha and Omega of
statesmanship.

FAVORITE SON BOIES of Iowa has filled
his boom with the wind again and is out
in the field playing with it. Let him
beware of the free trade goat. If that
beast gets hold of the boom it is a gona
playing.

THE REV. SAM SMALL is running for Con-
gress down in Georgia, but the truth com-
pels us to add that he isn't running very
hard. His chances are all like his name
would seem to indicate.

EX-GOVERNOR CAMPBELL, of Ohio, is
coming to New York to look after his
boom. He is again persuaded that the
CAMPBELL are coming. That is why he
humps himself.

THE DEMOCRATS IN CONGRESS HAVE COME
to the conclusion that this is a billion dollar
country after all.

A COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Mr. Landon, ex-cotton-spinner, had good reason to hate the army. His eldest daughter had married a gallant young hussar, who quickly spent her fortune at Newmarket and thereafter vanished from the world's ken, leaving her neither widow nor maid. His eldest son—a great scamp, as the sons of steady business-men often are—entered a dragoon regiment, got into some discredit row, and tried by court-martial, dismissed the service, and shot himself through the head the next day. His second daughter, Clara, was cruelly jilted by a guardsman, and died at Bournemouth a year subsequently of a broken heart. A second son—at Woolwich—was blown to pieces by a shell which exploded in his hands while he was examining it, and last, but not least, his one remaining child, his ewe lamb, Lily, evinced a remarkable prepossession for the military. The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein was not fonder of soldiers than Lily Landon; but then she only saw them at a distance, never at close quarters. This idiosyncrasy was made all the more distressing to Mr. Landon from the circumstance of his residing in a garrison town, which is a seaport as well. He could not prevent Lily seeing soldiers and officers going about their duties, nor could he abolish the regimental band which always made Miss Lily's blue eyes sparkle, and caused her unconsciously to assume something of the audacious demeanor of a vivandiere. All he could do was to engage a distant relative as a duenna, but under a homely exterior this old lady concealed a romantic disposition with singular belief in what is now derided as chivalry. The Berkshire Regiment, alias the Royal Bombardiers, was quartered at Barmouth at this time, and an exceedingly lively mess was one of the distinctions of the regiment, two-thirds of the members being young Irishmen. It was currently reported that these young gentlemen, of good family, but slender means, were the plague of the Adjutant-General's life, so frequent were the complaints and grievances that arose from their racing, rowing, rat-hunting, and other proclivities, and that the Commander-in-Chief himself had threatened to honor the two worst scapegraces of them all with the distinction of a court-martial. The two in question—the head and front of all this offending—however, took life riotously, and were, indeed, on the high road to Avernus, when the following incidents occurred: They were close allies, these two; so much so that they went by the name of Castor and Pollux in the regiment—nicknames that will do just as well as their real ones, which are those of a noble Irish family. Lieut. Castor and Pollux, then, were walking down the High street arm in arm, with very large cigars in their mouths and very small bulletiers at their heels, when Nick, alias Castor, felt an electric thrill, so to say, from the arm of his pal Dick (Pollux), and, from previous experiences, at once concluded that there was a pretty girl around. So there was, and a benign old lady wreathed in smiles also.

"By George! What an exceedingly pretty girl," quoth Nick; and "Looks very solvent," said more practical Dick.

"Let us follow them and find out where they live."

The two ladies, who had evidently been making some trifling purchases in town, had turned their faces in the direction of the suburbs and were now walking along the seashore, the younger with a white, fluffy poodle-dog in her arms. The officers followed them at a respectful distance, but the bull-terriers were in earnest in their endeavors to make the acquaintance of the fluffy poodle. Perhaps this accounted for one of the ladies' knowledge of what was going on behind them.

"Let us ask them to call off their dogs," said Lily; "I am sure they are officers of the Bombardiers."

"Not for the world, not for the world, my dear," replied the duenna; "not that I have any doubt about their gallantry, the chivalrous sense of honor of these brave men who die for their country, and for England, home, and beauty; but think what your papa would say with his singular antipathy to warriors. O, no; never let us hurry on, or they may perhaps be too assiduous in their devoirs."

They did hurry on to the haven of a pretty bijou cottage in red brick and stone gables, standing among laurels in its own grounds, and a stone's throw only from the sea, into which there jutted a boat pier, with a boat at the end of it. The two ladies disappeared through the green gate, but Castor managed to catch a Partisan glance of a pair of very bright sapphire blue eyes, while Pollux was saluted with a series of barks from the poodle, who now, believing himself at home and safe from terriers, struggled violently in his mistress' arms in the vain pretense of desiring to annihilate them both at once.

"A doosid neat little crib," observed Pollux, staring up at the bow windows. "Just the kind of little box one would like to dawdle away a summer in, if one had £3,000 a year, instead of only a thousand farthings."

"Yes; and with those two eyes to rival the billows," mused Castor, who was sentimental, comparatively speaking.

"I should think now," continued Pollux, "that it would not be unseemly to knock at the door and to inquire if Mr. Smith lives here. That would tell us who the charmer is, at all events."

"Capital! Let us enter forthwith."

But when the two young men knocked and rang the bell they became aware, to their surprise, of a great commotion within. There was a noise of a chain being put across the door, a hurrying of feet, and a clatter of fire-irons, and above all the din the poodle barked furiously.

"Officers!" someone cried in an angry voice. "On no account let them in!"

A window above the porch was now thrown up, and an elderly man, with a very long face and very white whiskers, desired the young men to be gone.

"Does Mr. Smith live here, sir?" inquired Pollux, with his best bow and most courteous manner.

"No, sir; he does not. This is a lunatic asylum, and I am a mad doctor. If you value your liberty you will be gone. No one is allowed to enter here, and especially no—fought—soldiers."

"Is the young lady a patient we just saw go in?" asked Castor, surprised.

"Yes, sir; she is. Mad as a hatter. Homicidal mania. Don't you ever attempt to speak to her, or she may cut your throat. Carries a carving-knife in her muff. Here, John, show these hum—gentlemen out."

"The window went down with a bang, and a tall footman, coming round from the rear of the house, politely escorted the officers to the gate."

"I say, John," quoth Pollux, twiddling a sovereign between the fingers of his lavender kid, "who is that old bloke, eh?"

John regarded the gold attentively with one eye. "That's Mr. Landon, himself. Horful rich, but vulgar. He's made his money in trade, you see, so you must excuse him!"

"And the girl, John; what about the young lady?" asked Castor, excitedly.

"That's our daughter, a namable but 'naughty young 'ooman. No followers allowed," said John, significantly. "Specially the military."

"But why, John—why?"

"Can't say, sir; I'm sure. I only state facts. Now, sir, I must go back. If Mr. Landon was to see me I'd lose my place. Thank you, sir, thank you, very sorry, but must lock the gate," which he did.

And they were locked out on the dusty road forthwith.

As Castor pensively turned homeward he saw something white, like a handkerchief, wave from a top window. His spirits rose with a bound, and, singularly enough, he never mentioned the circumstance to his dear friend Pollux.

"Ah! if he had but known that this was only a frisky freak of Miss Vizard, the duenna, into whose head there suddenly came a phantasy of a distressed damsel in a turret, and of two young knights attempting her rescue. The circumstance, however, was enough to fan the spark—the bolt from the blue—in Castor's bosom to a flame, while, as for his friend, he walked on rapt in contemplation of John's allusion to Mr. Landon's wealth and "vulgarity."

Next day—and next day, and the next—the two friends strolled down to Marine Villa, and smoked many cigars on the little pier, but to no purpose. No one came out of the green gate and no one went in; nevertheless they enjoyed a beautiful view of the drawing-room windows.

"It's not satisfying, you know," said Castor, "but it's better than nothing, seeing there she is."

"I tell you what, my dear fellow," said Pollux, "this can't go on now. I must have money for the duns are all down on me in shoals, and my rejected progenitor is in the same fix as myself, since all his tenants down at Castle Pollux refuse to pay him the 'rent.'"

"Hang your filthy lucre! I only want her eyes."

"It strikes me, my child, that you are very far gone. But sitting there smoking won't do us much good in the way of either optics or rupees. The question is, how to get in."

"I am sure she is kind-hearted," said Castor. "See how she hugged that poodle—'lucky dog!'"

"Come! That's good," cried Pollux. "Happy thought; let us test it!"

"How?"

"This way, sonny: You tumble into the water; here, off this pier; and I will plunge in and rescue you. Man overboard! Great sensation, you know! Gallant conduct! Carried into the drawing-room by John! Smelling bottles, brandy; put to bed! Bless you, my children, £30,000 down, and £30,000 more at my death! Old man now, and can't live long! Upon my word it's glorious," cried Pollux, enthusiastically.

"Except for one thing," returned his friend, sarcastically; "that you might drown here and be blessed, for anyone that would see you from the house."

"Now, my dear child, you are the veriest type I ever met. As if I have not seen the charmer peeping at us through the lace curtains at the center window this half hour past. Looking at me, remember, not you, my boy."

"By Jove!" starting up; "you don't say so! Where?"

"There! You've gone and done it now! She's scuttled off like a mouse. That comes of wearing an eye-glass—you can't see."

"I can see that you have arranged this plot very nicely for yourself, my dear Pollux. I am to fall in, and to be the duffer that gets drowned, while you are to be the hero, the brave preserver, and so forth—no, thank you!"

"But think of the pity a corpse excites, and the brandy-and-water, and that blue-eyed charmer putting hot stockings—her own perhaps—full of salt, to your poor feet."

"Ay, my good Pollux, and of your whispering into her ears all the time. No, the sorry a bit of me will be the corpse. You may, if you like."

"Well, as you say yourself, it is better than nothing. I'll be the demd moist, unpleasant body, but it's no use to-day. There's a flutter in the dovecoat, and we may just as well go home to lunch"—which they did.

The next day was Sunday, and there was only early church parade. The two young officers strolled down to the cottage by the sea, and having taken up their positions at the end of the pier began to smoke as usual. The bells were ringing for church, and the morning was a fine one in the merry month of May. Presently they saw a solemn procession from the green gate, headed by Mr. Landon, who in figure and features was remarkably like Mr. Hablot Browne's pictures of Mr. Dombey, in the novel of that name. Mr. Landon, Miss Vizard, two maid-servants, a coachman, a page, and John, the footman, with two out-door servants, formed the cortege. They all carried large prayer books, and were in their go-to-meeting raiment. Miss Lily was not there—not the poodle. Miss Landon had developed quite a fondness for the sea of late, and was never tired of watching its varying moods—so like those of a woman—from her window.

"I say," said Pollux, when the procession had gone past some time; "there she is behind the drawing-room curtain. Fortune favors us, the house is empty; now is the time for our little comedy." So saying he walked to the very edge and looked into the sea. "But look here, chap! It will never do for you to save me, for you would not have the nous to carry the farce through. Come, no hesitation, in you go!" and suiting the action to the word he sent Mr. Castor with a souse into the water. Miss Landon saw it all from the window, and so did the poodle. The latter barked disapprobation of the whole proceeding; but his mistress trembled with fear and excitement.

"Good gracious!" she said to herself, "are those two handsome young officers quarreling about me, and will there be murder? O, my!—no! See, one of them throws off his coat, and dashes his hat on the ground! He plunges into the boiling waves to save his drowning friend! The waters close over them! Brave man! O, dear! I can't stand this! Cook! Cook! Come here, run, run directly!"

The cook, a fat Irishwoman with a red face and reddish hair, came puffing and blowing to the foot of the stairs.

"O, cook, run quick and save them! Two officers! Drowning there at the pier! O, run, run quick, cook, please!"

"Is it sengers they are? Bedad, then, the divil a fear of them. Sure, an' indeed, I was cooied by a Sergeant meself, and sez

he, sez he—"

"But Miss Landon could not wait to hear honest Bridget's reminiscences. She sped out of the house and down to the pier, the poodle barking furiously in front and Bridget puffing like a female locomotive in the rear."

They reached the beach just in time to meet the two dripping officers coming out of the water. If Miss Landon had not been so excited she might have thought it singular that the drowned man was riding on the other's back, and that, though his eyes were shut, he seemed to cling vigorously to his friend's neck. But she neither noticed this or anything else in her efforts to emulate Grace Darling on that coast.

"O! I saw you fall into the water, I am so glad," she stammered inconsequently. "How brave it was of you; but will he die?"

Pollux shook his head meaningly—like Lord Bacon in the play.

"It all depends on prompt measures. If we could only put him to bed at once—now."

"O, bring him into the house. My name is Lily—Miss Landon, you know—and I'm sure papa will not be angry when it is a matter of life and death."

"Deed thin, but he'd be a naggur if he was anything else," said Bridget.

Chuckling at the success of his experiment, Pollux—who was a young athlete—ran his friend at the double into the cottage, while the two women followed at their best pace behind in much perturbation.

"Ye must put him into the master's own bed," quoth Bridget, who was the only servant left this Sunday in the house, "and give him plenty of rum and brandy. That's what cures the sengers, as Sergt. Heavystirn many and many's the time—"

"Take him up to papa's room. Up the stairs to the right. Can I do anything, sir? O, please tell me!"

"He should have hot stockings full of salt to his legs and feet," said Pollux gravely.

"Would Bridget's do?" she inquired, eagerly. "She wears blue wogleners, very warm and thick—"

"I think," said Pollux, shaking his head, "that Lise thread, size sixes, would suit his complaint better."

She flushed, for she saw he was regarding her boots. After this, though anxious to be of every assistance, she did not seem to be very much afraid of fatal consequences from the accident.

In the midst of the to-do, while Bridget was cooking rum-and-water and lemons, and frequently tasting the mixture, in the kitchen, and while Castor was carefully tucked into Mr. Landon's bed by his friend, who had enrobed himself in Mr. Landon's dressing-gown and nether garments, the aforesaid procession returned from church. Lily flew down the stairs like a bird, but not quicker than the indignant poodle.

"O, papa, dear! Only think! They were all but drowned, when we saved them; that is, I and cook. O, wasn't it a mercy!"

The two officers! They are in your bed!" She burst into tears, as girls do under sudden excitement.

"Two officers, and in my bed!" exclaimed her father wrathfully. "What does this mean? Are you mad?"

"Indeed and indeed then she's not," observed Bridget to the astonished group. "And where should the poor creature be, and he an illigant Irishman, a son of Lord Castor, as fine a man as ever stepped, that lived beyond the bog, if not in the best bed?"

And his friend, that's as good as a wet nurse wid him, and an Irish gentleman, too, as he told me himself, when he took the sup of brandy from me own hands."

"Mrs. Bridget," says he, "did you ever hear of Sir Giles Pollux, of Castle Pollux?"

He and 'Begorra, sez I, 'that I did many and many a time; and that's me own father, sez he, and—"

"Will no one stop that infernal woman's tongue!" exclaimed Mr. Landon. "You have been most imprudent, Lily. Has not the army cost us enough already, without putting two officers into my very bed?"

"Only one, papa," she said, humbly, and looking down.

"Pish! Well, they shall get out of the house faster than they came in," he cried, and bounded up the stairs.

But even Mr. Landon was silenced by what he saw in his bed-room. The blinds were all drawn, and the room darkened. A young man with a curly head lay in his bed. His eyes were shut, and his face pallid. The latter was due, it must be confessed, to an application of violet powder from the toilet table. There were great black marks under his eyes—from a lump of coal in the grate—and Mr. Landon began to think that matters were really worse than he thought. Moreover, he had caught Bridget's reference to the nobility, and Mr. Landon, like many self-made men, dearly loved a Lord.

"Well, sir," he said to Pollux; "Here you are again!"

"Necessity knows no law," retorted Pollux, sententially. "A glance at my poor dear friend there will show that there was no alternative but to bring him here."

"A son of Lord Castor's?" questioned Mr. Landon, after a pause, during which he eyed the bed attentively.

"Second son. Poor fellow, he is still unconscious."

"You are both in the army," said Mr. Landon, sourly—"a detestable profession, most abominable!"

"That," said Pollux, the rogue, "is precisely my own sentiment."

The elder man looked more kindly at him.

"Have you never thought of a better career, the church now—"

"I have always considered the church to be eminently my vocation," replied Pollux unblinkingly.

"Well, he inclines to the sea," returned Pollux, with just a twinkle in his little black eyes.

"He had better have a doctor," observed Mr. Landon, nodding at the bed.

"Not on any account! He would never forgive me for making so much of his case. He will be all right presently. It is not the first time he has been drowned—or the last."

"I trust not," said the other, walking out of the room.

He was met in the passage by Miss Vizard and Lily.

"I should like to see the youth," said the first.

"So should I," said Lily.

"You may," to Miss Vizard. "As for you, to your room at once, miss, and don't leave this young man here, who has gone from the house."

Miss Vizard stole into the room on tip-toe, with her fingers, encased in black mittens, to her mouth.

"Is he dying?" she whispered. "So young and so fair!"

"You may kiss him for his mother," whispered Pollux in return. "But see! He opens his eyes at last. He is coming to."

He adjusted the brandy flask to the

lips of his friend. "It's a flicker," he added; "perhaps the last one before dissolution."

"How dreadful! Does he say anything? He seems to want to speak!" She bent her head, and the moribund whispered something in her ear.

"If you are sure he is dying," she said to Pollux, "there can be no harm in his request to see Lily for this once, though what he can have to say to her that he cannot say to me, I am sure I don't know."

"Alone!" murmured the dying man, and Pollux, looking angrily at him, had to go out with Miss Vizard to the corridor.

Miss Landon was all for praying by the sick man's bed when she was ushered in with an injunction from the duenna to be quick, lest her papa should come up, but to her amazement the little hand she so tenderly offered him was pressed with very animated vigor to his mustache. She had never felt a mustache before, and it confused her, but not unpleasantly.

"O, tell me, Mr. Castor, that you are not going to die!"

"Fluff, the poodle, growled discontentedly under the bed, as if to say, "No such luck for the dogs."

"Not," replied he, "if you give me encouragement to live."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Mr. Castor. Of course we all want you to live. Why not?"

"In the book that you hold there," said this scamp, "it is said that the price of a good woman is above that of rubies. Now, I've no precious stones; but a woman can give away herself free gratis; you know, just as I gave myself away in love at first sight to you."

"You shouldn't talk so. It is very wicked."

"So it is," growled the poodle in assent. He still held her hand. She did not like to snatch it from a poor dying fellow-creature yet.

"There is something said about the sweetness of the lips, too," he remarked ardently. "I should like to try them—in a dying way only, you know."

This time she did snatch her hands away. "You wicked man!" she cried; "I don't like you one little bit. Why didn't you stop in the sea?"

Castor watched her hasty exit from the room disconcerted.

Meanwhile Miss Vizard was conversing with Pollux in the corridor.

"Do you read Froissart," she asked, "in the black letter?"

"You see we have so much blackboard now—I mean musketry," he explained—"that we have no leisure."

"Ah! Why don't they have tournaments and queens of beauty now, as of old, in your noble profession?"

"Ah! Why indeed?" murmured that artful scamp, sinking on one knee.

"So, when Lily ran out of the room it was to see Mr. Pollux on his knee and holding her duenna's hand, while he gazed up into that lady's face with a well-affected air of knightly devotion.

"This house is bewitched," she said, running away.

"What must she think of me!" said Miss Vizard, abashed.

"What, indeed?" said Pollux. "Stay!" continued the rogue, with an eye to further entertainment. "Say to Mr. Landon that so long as there is such an irresistible attraction in the house as yourself we cannot, we cannot positively keep away from it."

Now, Miss Vizard was very fat, and, moreover, wore a wig; yet, such female credulity, she was willing to believe him at once.

"So chivalrous!" she murmured, on her way to Mr. Landon's sanctum down stairs. "He is a noble young man—so tender!"

"Who?" asked Mr. Landon grimly from his chair.

"Mr. Pollux. You must ask him to dinner."

"I won't! They are after that silly girl of mine."

"He! he! he!" giggled Miss Vizard. "I could tell you a tale, but I must not—not yet. One thing is assured, that Lily is not the attraction."

"Perhaps it is Bridget, the cook, then. But of this I am certain, that out they go from this house as soon as that boy in my bed can be moved."

"O, gracious! What's this! Here's a soldier in a red coat at the door," exclaimed Miss Vizard of a sudden.

And a soldier it was—an orderly in pursuit of the young men. Miss Vizard almost fainted when she heard that the Royal Bombardiers were ordered on service to South Africa immediately, and that the Colonel had been sending messengers in search of them all the morning. The effect on the drowned was remarkable. He jumped out of bed and clothed himself in a moment—so did his friend.

Miss Lily wept silently.

"As I'll never, probably, see you again, I'll say good-bye," said Mr. Landon, quietly.

Miss Vizard regarded Pollux with inexpressible tenderness.

"It is like going to the crusades," she murmured.

As for poor Lily, she could only return the squeeze of her lover's hand—no more.

At Majuba Hill there are two graves side by side, in which Pollux and Castor, undivided in death, sleep well. I wonder if Lady Longworth ever thinks of them in the whirl of London society? She is a great lady now, and her eyes are as good as admired as her diamonds.—The Graphic.

Send Postal Card

FOR SAMPLE COPY OF THE

PITTSBURGH WEEKLY

CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH.

1\$ Per Year.

IT IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HOME PAPER PUBLISHED.

LATEST NEWS

OF THE WORLD.

PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.

The year 1892 being Presidential year, the interest in political affairs will be general. The Chronicle Telegraph's facilities for obtaining the most reliable information are UNEXCELLED IN AMERICA, and special care will be taken to give the most accurate and unbiased news obtainable.

THE SPECIAL FEATURES

Embrace, in addition to the very latest news, the following: THE LATEST FOREIGN NEWS, FARM AND GARDEN, INDUSTRIAL, MINING AND MANUFACTURING, and alone are worth the subscription price—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Address

WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

By a liberal arrangement with the Pittsburgh Weekly Chronicle Telegraph we are enabled to offer a year's subscription to that paper and the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN for one year for \$1.75.



Thousands of Women

Testify, from personal knowledge and experience, that as a simple, reliable cure for female complaints,

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is unequalled. Mrs. MARY A. ALLEY, Lynn, Mass., says: "I suffered from womb trouble, misplacement, ulceration, leucorrhoea, etc. After using a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I recovered entirely."

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. Lower Price, 50c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Bald Eagle Nursery.

FRUIT, SHADE AND ORNAMENTAL TREES AND GRAPE VINES. UNIONVILLE, FLEMING P. O., PA.

I wish to inform my old customers and the public generally, that I have about my usual amount of stock on hand for Spring planting. My apple trees are of very sturdy growth, consisting of approved sorts for Central Pennsylvania. I will furnish price lists on application.

WM F FISHER.

PENSIONS

THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW. Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled.

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted, address

JAMES TANNER

Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington D. C.

Recommended as the Best. IX LE MARSH, PLYMOUTH CO., IA., May, 1890.

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at \$1.50 per annum.

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1yr
One inch (12 lines this type).....	\$ 8	\$16	\$32
Two inches.....	16	32	64
Three inches.....	24	48	96
Four inches.....	32	64	128
Five inches.....	40	80	160
Half column.....	12	24	48
One column.....	24	48	96

All advertisements whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, \$8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 6 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisements at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Mallin, Secretary, Bellefonte
H. P. Harris, Asst. Secretary, Bellefonte
H. C. Quigley, Bellefonte

DISTRICT.

NAME ADDRESS

Bellefonte, N. W. L. Fleming, Bellefonte

W. W. S. Williams, Bellefonte

Centre Hall, B. S. Brishin, Centre Hall

Howard, Robert Cooke Jr., Howard

Milesburg, John Conner, Milesburg

Millheim, J. P. Hartner, Millheim

Phillipsburg, W. S. Crissman, Phillipsburg

W. H. C. Warfel, Phillipsburg

W. W. C. Hart, Harrisburg

Unionville, R. C. Pratt, Unionville

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg

Boalsburg, W. S. Crissman, Boalsburg



STRENGTH AND VIGOR.—GET IT BY USING DR. GREENE'S NERVURA, Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless. Great Spring Remedy.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the great saver of life and health. It removes all nervous irritability, and perfectly and completely cures

Nervousness and Nervous Exhaustion.

Why do you suffer from such an exhausted, prostrated and dragged-out feeling when Dr. Greene's Nervura surely cures all

Weak and Tired Feelings.

Thousands suffer from wakeful nights, and rise mornings unrefreshed. Dr. Greene's Nervura gives natural refreshing sleep—the perfect cure for

Sleepless Nights and Tired Waking.

People with unstrung nerves have strange, faint and nervous sensations, numbness, trembling, palpitation. Dr. Greene's Nervura is the only remedy for

Heart Failure and Palpitation.

For sale by druggists. Price, \$1.00 per bottle. Be sure and see that the bottle is sealed with the trade mark seal "Nervura."

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the best blood invigorator, and it immediately overcomes the weakness, languor and lack of energy due to

Poor Blood, Malaria and Low Vitality.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is acknowledged everywhere as the greatest of all Nerve Remedies, and is absolutely sure to strengthen

Weak and Shattered Nerves.

Dyspepsia, distress, fullness, faint, "all gone" feeling, gas, liver disease, constipation are perfectly cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura, as are also

Headache and Dizziness.

People often lose their appetite, the liver is inactive, the bowels constipated. Dr. Greene's Nervura is exactly the remedy for

Poor Appetite and Constipation.

Dr. Greene, the well-known specialist in the cure of chronic diseases, 35 West 14th St., New York, can be consulted personally or by letter. SEND FOR SYMPTOM BLANK.

Wonderfully Successful in All Chronic Diseases



Ear, Eye, Nose, Throat, Lungs and Nasal Catarrh.

ALL EYE OPERATIONS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED BY THEM.

DR. MORITZ SALM

WILL BE AT—
THE BUSH HOUSE,
Bellefonte, Pa.,

MONDAYS—MAY 30TH, JUNE 27TH, JULY 25TH, AUGUST 22ND, SEPTEMBER 19TH, OCTOBER 17TH, NOVEMBER 14TH, DECEMBER 12TH.

ONE DAY ONLY.
Examination and Consultation

FREE to Everybody.

They will visit this county every four weeks, thus saving their patients the trouble and expense of visiting the city, as they are the only physicians and surgeons in the country who carry their own manikins, models, diagrams, etc., to illustrate and make it plain to all afflicted the cause and nature of their disease. This will give their numerous patients and others who are in need of medical treatment an opportunity to consult these distinguished physicians whose duties at the Institute will permit only monthly visits to your community.

EPILEPSY AND INSANITY.

My daughter Alice had epilepsy to such a degree as to make her idiotic. She was of no use for work, and was not able to recognize any one, we brought her to Dr. Salm for treatment, and the improvement the Dr. worked on her is wonderful. She can work again, has her right mind, no more fits and can talk intelligibly with any one, and is hale and hearty again. JACOB SHAFFER, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Oct. 21, 1891.

RUNNING OF THE EAR AND DEAFNESS CURED.

For the last eight years my little daughter, Bertha, has had a severe case of running of the ear, the odor was fearful, she became pale, thin and generally complained, but after a course of treatment with Dr. Salm, she is hale and hearty, all running of the ear has stopped and her hearing before having been bad is good again. We recommend the doctor. I G. JONES.

OUR DAUGHTER MARY HAS BEEN CROSSED SINCE BIRTH.

Our daughter Mary has been crossed since birth, she is now 14 years old, and this day we brought her to Dr. Salm, who visits Indiana every four weeks, an operation was made of more than a minute's duration, and was without pain no chloroform being given. The eye is now as straight as any one's.

THOS. A. JOHNSON

355 N. JOHNSTON ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CATARH & BRONCHITIS CURED.

Dr. M. Salm treated me for catarrh and bronchitis. I had been affected with it for years and was incapacitated for any work and suffered with sleeplessness, but now consider myself entirely cured. Will be glad to answer any questions pertaining to the above testimonial gratefully. JOHN NEWCOMER, Delmont, Pa.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

Dr. Salm has been under Dr. Salm's treatment for catarrh for six months, before that time her breath smelled fearfully, she was pale, weak and emaciated, and we thought she couldn't live but a few months longer; however, to-day she is entirely cured from that fearful malady and is in good health as anyone may wish for, not a vestige of the catarrh being apparent. Thanks to Dr. Salm's wonderful treatment. AUGUST PERZIN, April 4, 1890 P. O. Box 460, Massillon, O.

Our Advertisement will Appear Twice Before Each Visit

A horse stolen from the premises of J. D. Aurandt, of Huntingdon last week Tuesday was found at Penna Furnace next day.

Mr and Mrs. John M. Bullock returned home from their bridal trip last Friday and are now at their residence on Allegheny st.

—Some sharpers are traveling about the country selling anti explosive powder for lamps at fifty cents per package. It is nothing but common salt and is not worth one cent.

—The honors of the graduating class of the Bellefonte High school were won this year by the young ladies, Miss Mary Wright getting the first and Miss May Taylor the second. The boys "were not in it."

—The ladies of the Bellefonte United Brethren Church will hold a festival at Coleville, near Collin's works, next Saturday, May 21. A good time may be expected and everybody is invited to attend.

Ex Lieutenant Governor Davis and J. B. Putnam, of Towanda, were guests of General Hastings last Saturday a reception was held at the General's house in the evening at which many prominent citizens were present.

—W H Wilkinson, of China Hall fame, has commenced the erection of that long promised stone fence in front of his residence on Allegheny Street. The fence is to be faced with brick and will be a beautiful ornament to his property.

—The Northern Conference of the Central Penna. Synod of the Lutheran church opened its session at Gatesburg, this county, last week Tuesday. The district consists of the counties of Union, Centre, Clinton and Snyder, Ed. E. Hoshour, of Bellefonte, was present to represent the society here.

It is a sign of the times when the Methodist General Conference condescends to discuss the question, May Methodist dance? In the days of good Bishop Asbury of godly garb and mien not even the example of David, who danced before the ark of the Lord, would justify a moment's toleration of such a thing.

—The Gazette says: "Tommy Shaughnessy is the best street commissioner ever employed by the borough of Bellefonte." This being a fact the public can now judge of the class of men Bellefonte has been employing in one of the most important positions we have. And past street commissioners can see where they stand as expert road makers; having obtained two sides of the triangle, viz, the Council and Tommy Shaughnessy, it will be easy to obtain the obtuse angle.

—Dr. J. W. Dunwiddie, of Philipsburg, was injured about four years ago at a crossing in the town of Philipsburg, known as Maple street. He sued the railroad company for damages and a jury awarded him the sum of eight thousand dollars. The railroad company carried the case to the supreme court but before the case came before that body the company concluded to withdraw it and settle in accordance with the verdict of the lower court. The doctor will now get his money.

—The ninth annual commencement of the Bellefonte High school is held at the Garman Opera House this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Meyer's orchestra will furnish the music. At 8 o'clock this evening Ex-Gov Beaver will deliver the annual address; D. F. Fortney, esq., president of the school board will also deliver an address. The graduating class of 92 composed of the following persons: Elizabeth J. Stroop, Mary H. Wright, May Y. Taylor, Alice K. Dorworth, Jno. I. Bower and Harry F. Gerberich.

—A great bridge, the third largest in the world, has been completed across the Mississippi river and last Thursday, May 12, was opened to travel with appropriate ceremony. The bridge connects the states of Tennessee and Arkansas. The celebration was held at Memphis; Gov. Buchanan, of Tennessee, and Gov. Eagle, of Arkansas, were present and many other notables. Senator Dan. Voorhees, of Indiana delivered the oration. Civic, Military and citizens' societies, together with distinguished visitors made up the parade.

—Dr. R. L. Dart of Bellefonte was married to Miss Annie Brumbaugh of Chambersburg in that city last Thursday and returned home on Friday which fact having become known to the boys they assembled with the usual musical instruments generally used by tin horn bands on such occasions and proceeded to give the doctor a vigorous serenade. He was aroused from pleasant slumber by the noise and immediately telephoned for the police in a few moments policeman Garris appeared and scattered the crowd. The doctor has lately made extensive repairs on his house on Allegheny street preparatory to its occupancy by its new mistress, LIZZIE ALDABOX, Blairsville Intersection, Oct. 22, 1891.

REMOVAL OF POLIPUS.

For the last 12 years I have been troubled with catarrh and for the last 3 years could not breathe through my nostrils; had tried several doctors, and patent medicine in abundance without avail. Dr. Salm, of Columbus, said I had polipus in connection with catarrh; he removed them for me and I breathe again comfortably through both nostrils; altogether I am feeling much better and find myself on the high way to recovery. Wm. ROSENBERGER, 13 Muskingum St., Massillon, O., June 27, 1890.

WE THOUGHT SHE COULDN'T LIVE BUT A FEW MONTHS LONGER.

My daughter has been under Dr. Salm's treatment for catarrh for six months, before that time her breath smelled fearfully, she was pale, weak and emaciated, and we thought she couldn't live but a few months longer; however, to-day she is entirely cured from that fearful malady and is in good health as anyone may wish for, not a vestige of the catarrh being apparent. Thanks to Dr. Salm's wonderful treatment. AUGUST PERZIN, April 4, 1890 P. O. Box 460, Massillon, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Michigan, and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful" of bones. Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at C. M. Parrish's drug store.

THAT BOHEMIAN OATSWINDLER.

Several years ago the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN warned the people of Centre county against the Bohemian Oats Swindlers who were then operating in adjoining states; explained their methods, exposing the whole business as a swindle pure and simple. This warning we repeated time after time as the managers of the fraud came into the state and operated in adjoining counties. Finally they came to Centre county. An agent located in Bellefonte, organized a company and carried on the swindle here, meeting with great success. Many farmers who had read our warning bought oats, gave notes and were swindled. They knew the character of the men and their business but they walked into the trap. There was a sort of fascination about the affair that seemed to draw them in. Many of them told us that they knew what it was but they thought they would get out before the crash came on, or in other words, they intended to unload on innocent parties. They thereby became a party to the swindle. Finally the company dissolved, the treasurer gave up his beautiful house at the county town and silently stole away. The notes went into the hands of innocent holders (so called at least). Many paid their notes, some, contested their validity; the case was tried in the lower courts, a verdict given against the holders of the notes. The case was carried to the supreme court and the decision of the lower court has been sustained. This will no doubt be a relief to the victims. Had the warning of this paper been heeded not a single note could have been obtained from or sold to any person in this county. The result of this affair shows what a passion people have for this kind of gambling.

THIS IS FOR YOU.

If you are sick and have not been helped, why do you not write a full description of your case to the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th Street, New York, known everywhere as the discoverer of Dr. Greene's Nervura, and who is without doubt the most successful physician in the cure of all long standing complaints?

Consultation in all cases is entirely free, personally or by mail. Thousands consult him by letter, and he returns an answer to all perfectly explaining their disease, giving advice, etc., without charge.

His success in curing diseases by his marvellous vegetable remedies is simply wonderful, and he has made a specialty of the cure of persons at a distance through letter correspondence and treatment. In this manner thousands of people have been and thousands more are being cured, and we should advise if you desire a sure cure from your disease to immediately write him all about your case. It will cost you nothing to get his very valuable advice.

—Here is the way the Altoona Tribune, of last Saturday, compliments our old friend and champion of the Greenback Labor party, Hon. T. P. Rynder, late of Millsburg. The many acquaintances of Mr. Rynder will no doubt be interested in this "pointer" as to what course he is likely to take in the coming contest Mr. T. P. Rynder, having apparently sucked the greenback orange dry, is now posing as a republican. This is likely to be a good year for men like him to join the republican ranks. When a dangerous mare's nest is to be brought to light the services of such gentlemen become simply invaluable. We understand that one such, a peculiarly deadly one has already been located by Mr. Rynder.

—Mr. H. Robb, who has a shop on Bishop street, Bellefonte, where he sells the best sewing machine in the world, where he will make you a pair of shoes, or will repair your foot wear with the beauty and finish of a first class artist, has also for sale a neat device made of nickel as beautiful as silver called the "Open Book Holder," the best thing you ever saw to hold your book open when you are reading it, and it costs only 25 cents. Call and buy one, you will never regret it.

—The first funeral service held in the new Presbyterian church at Millsburg was that of Mrs. Frank Wallace last Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. W. O. Wright pastor of the church conducted the service.

—Warren Burnside says he is tired of having McClure collect his rent and he is going to put a stop to it:

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first steps into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50 cents at C. M. Parrish's drug store.

Blood poisoned by diphtheria, the Grip, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc., is made pure and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A GRAND OFFER LOCAL OR TRAVELING SALESMEN wanted for our Nursery Stock. \$75 to \$150 per month salary and commission. No experience needed. Address, with reference, H. E. MERRELL & CO., Geneva, N. Y. 18 4t

FARMERS:
LOOK OUT!
You are exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and to injuries.
ST. JACOBS OIL
Cures RHEUMATISM,
SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORENESS,
STIFFNESS, SWELLINGS, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA,
SCIATICA, BURNS.
A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

There is NO "SURE CURE FOR EVERY CASE OF ASTHMA" or "EVERY CASE OF HAY FEVER," but the worst cases, if uncomplicated by organic disease, can be CURED TO STAY CURED by constitutional treatment, and this at the patient's home.
ASTHMA AND HAY-FEVER
We treat no one without a thorough knowledge of the case.
Incurable Cases Declined.
Examination free by mail.
We want name and address of every sufferer from Asthma or Hay Fever.
P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

No System or Method
CAN COMPARE FAVORABLY WITH THE COOLEY CREAMERS,
In the exhaustive separation of the cream from the milk.
The only submerged or water sealed method of raising cream. Skimmed milk analyzed by the Vt. Experiment Station showed less than one-tenth of one per cent. of fat, viz:
No. 1—04 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 2—05 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 3—00 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 4—05 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 5—06 of 1 per cent. of fat.
It gets all the butter fat from the milk, and makes butter that has taken
23 GOLD MEDALS.
VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.
Manufacturers of everything used in Dairies or Creameries. Send for Circulars.

PRINTING.

Parties desirous of obtaining Rock Bottom Prices on all kinds of printing will make no mistake if they address us. We have all modern facilities and will quote prices that will astonish you. We care not whether you have \$1 or \$1000 worth done. PRESSWORK, FROM PLATES 50 CTS. PER 1000.

Our representative will call upon you if so advised. Address,
Republican, Bellefonte.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
The wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. J. W.

A Family Affair
Health for the Baby,
Pleasure for the Parents,
New Life for the Old Folks.
Hires' Root Beer
THE GREAT TEMPERANCE DRINK
Is a family affair—a requisite of the home. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.
Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good."
—It's false. No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:
Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP.

We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES but now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.
NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

AGENTS WANTED.
The Independent Order of Odd Fellows Mutual Life Insurance Society, of Pennsylvania, (chartered by the Legislature in 1879) is desirous of securing responsible energetic agents, male and female, to represent the society in every city, town and district in the state. And to the right person, liberal terms and permanent employment will be given. No previous experience required.
The society insures the lives of male and female from 15 to 65, and in sums of \$100 to \$5,000 five thousand being the maximum amount written on any one person.
For further information address
ELIAS P. ROHRBACH,
GENERAL MANAGER, Lewisburg, Pa.
R-20-3-10.

WANTED SALESMEN.—Salary from the start. Permanent place. Good chance for advancement. Experience unnecessary. Outfit free. BROWN BROTHERS CO., Rochester, N. Y. 23 14 1m

FOR RENT OR SALE.—The residence situated on East Linn street, adjoining property of F. P. Green, now occupied by Rev. Elliott. All modern improvements. Possession given April 1st. Inquire at GRAHAM'S MILLINERY STORE. J-28-1f

ACTIVE, RELIABLE MEN WANTED!
The year round to represent us in the sale of Nursery Stock. Local or travelling. Good wages and expenses, or commission. O. D. GREENE, Syracuse, N. Y. 23 14 1m

EDWARD K. RHODES,
At his yard near Passenger station sells on

THE BEST QUALITIES
OF
Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland
COAL
—ALSO—
KINDLING WOOD.
AND
Corn Bars, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712

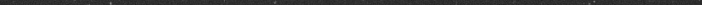
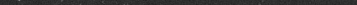
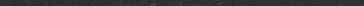
JOHN C. MILLER.
PRACTICAL ACCOUNTANT
Real Estate and Collection Agency.
Rents or Sells Property of all Kinds.
Does a General Collection Business
Opens or Closes Books for Firms or Individuals.
Special Attention Given to Collecting Rents and Business Accounts.
If you have any property for sale or rent or wish to buy or rent property, call and see me at
Room 13, Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte, Pa.
23 10 1m
JOHN C. MILLER.

\$7500 to \$25000 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 26th & Main St., Richmond, Va. 23 15 4t

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED BY PECK'S INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all Remedies Fail. This book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 835 Bay., N. Y. 14 1m

WANTED SALESMAN. Salary and expenses from start; permanent place; good chance for advancement; experience unnecessary; outfit free; reliable stock; liberal treatment; control of territory and sub-agent given right party; apply at once. Brown Brothers Company, Nurserymen Rochester N. Y.

JESSE CLEAVER
SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER.
Has had many years experience locating lands and roads in Centre and adjoining counties. Reference if desired. Has timber lands for sale.
Unionville, Fleming P. O., Centre Co., Pa.
Telephone to A. J. Griest's Store.



© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112



She was sobbing in his arms, and Alexander Hardcastle knew that he had won the faithful heart.

And what surprised these two shame-faced lovers, when they confessed the fact, was that no one was one bit astonished, but tendered their loving congratulations as though it was quite an everyday occurrence for a groom of sixty-one to lead to the altar a bride of two-and-forty.

Bladon carried the news to George Arundel. He had a wonderful respect for the old gentleman since he had done so much for his master's family, and there was a genuine ring of sympathy in his tone as he said:

"Poor Mr. Hardcastle, he's gone and done it at last, Master George—but I've known for the past few weeks there was no hope for him."

"What?" Arundel cried, in startled dismay. "Something happened to that fine fellow?"

"Aye, he's going to be married on Monday."

"To Mrs. Evesham?"

"That he be, sir. He says he won't wait, and she's willing—mayhap, poor chap, he thinks as it's got to be, he might as well get it over and done with."

Yes, Bladon was quite right. Mr. Hardcastle had pleaded hard and successfully for a speedy marriage. He claimed that they were only ridiculous while in a state of engagement, that he had not so much time to spare that he could afford to lose a single week of happiness, that the house wanted a mistress and the girls a legal guardian, and, finally that there was no sense, need nor expediency in delay.

It was a very quiet marriage. An old friend of the groom came at the appointed hour and performed the ceremony, and the next day things went on as though no change had been made in the family circle.

In due time, when George's physician permitted it, they carried out their plan of visiting England, and one August morning found them standing on the very landing-stage at Liverpool docks, where, years before, the helpless babe had been delivered up by its mother into the hands of a stranger.

"You were too young to remember it, Wanda," Mrs. Hardcastle said, as she stood gazing around, with a hand on the girl's arm.

"Ah, yes," was the reply in a low, soft voice; "still the place has sad associations for me. Oh, if I had not fallen into your tender hands, I tremble to think what might have been my fate."

But, who is this stalwart young fellow, who, with flushed face and eager eye, is dashing toward them at headlong speed, pushing unceremoniously aside all who bar his way?

There is one cry from the lips of the two girls. "Harry!" and the next instant Kate and Wanda are hanging round his neck, to the intense envy of every male bled in that motley crowd.

And when Harry has kissed a dozen times the sweet, uplifted faces, he turns with surprise to see his mother, red as a summer rose, hanging on the arm of his patron. Why has she not rushed with the girls to his embrace?

"Mother!" he cries, and in a moment she is in his arms.

But why does she sob so, and declare in wild hysterics that she could not help it—but—but—but—that she would have waited to consult him, if—if—if—and then incontinently and utterly break down?

"What is it, mother dear?" he asks, soothingly, agitated at her emotion.

"Why this, young gentleman," Mr. Hardcastle says, coming to her rescue. "That the sweetest woman on earth—you need not turn your eyes on Wanda—I mean your mother—has given me the precious privilege to call her wife and my son."

"Oh," Harry cried, "is that all I am, so glad, sir, I can hardly speak. Nay, mother, do not turn away. You've won the noblest heart in Christendom and made me truly happy."

Then George Arundel and Bladon came to join the happy circle.

"Let me look at you," George said, seizing Harry's hand. "I have often wondered what you were like."

He stood gazing in his face for a few moments, then added with great tenderness:

"For with Wanda yours, and Kate mine, you know we shall be doubly brothers."

One month after the scene I have just recorded Paul Hayter sat in the library of Willington hall deeply engaged in the study of a manuscript he held before him, his brow knitted, and his face betraying a conflict of inward emotions. Aye, and his was a handsome face, too—a fine, delicate, well-bred contour of Grecian caste. It was only in the thin lips and furtive glance of the eye that you could detect something that was not in harmony with the rest.

The hand of time had been lightly laid on him, for though he had seen more than sixty summers, you would not have judged him to be more than fifty years of age.

A light tap came upon the door, and with a vexed expression he bade the intruder enter.

"What! Wanda!" he cried, in a soft, musical voice as he rose to receive a wan, pale lady dressed in the deepest

mourning. "Why, this is an unexpected honor, for it is not often nowadays that, unsolicited, you favor me with your society."

She accepted the chair he placed for her.

"Paul," she said, in low, tremulous accents, "I can bear this load of misery no longer. I have come—aye, on my knees, if necessary—to beg you to give me back my child."

"A modest request, assuredly, as though I was the Omnipotent. But you fail to say which of your lost treasures is the immediate object of your solicitude. You forget that somewhere, float-



"HER LADYSHIP IS FAR FROM WELL THIS MORNING, ROBERT."

ing on the waves of humanity, are two pledges of your devotion to your late lamented lord."

"Forget!" she cried. "Never for one moment do I forget. The horrible thought is seared in my brain that they are lost to me. Day and night I mourn their absence."

"Fshaw, Wanda! Though I should like to encourage such beautiful maternal instincts, it is out of my power to accede to your very modest request. You will never see son or daughter in this world again, so you may as well reconcile yourself to the inevitable."

"But Paul," she pleaded, "you, who have such marvelous power, could find them for me—nay, not the heir, I do not dare to ask you that—but the sweet girl that I, wretch that I am, cast away so many bitter years ago. I will not let her rob you of one shilling of the revenues of this estate."

"And you would have me risk the fortune I have won for just a piece of sickly sentiment. Now, once for all, my lady, I tell you that you shall never meet your children, even if their death were needed to prevent you."

Suddenly she leaped to her feet. Her eyes blazed with fury. It seemed impossible that one so frail could show such vehemence in passion.

"Oh, you base coward," she cried, "and it is for such a thing as you that I have wrecked my soul. Inhuman that you are, does Lord Arundel's murdered boy never cry for vengeance, does my broken-hearted husband's ghost never haunt your pillow, do my wronged little ones—"

He rose and walked towards her with hand outstretched and eyes fixed on hers with a glance that seemed to penetrate her soul.

"Be calm! Be still!"

She shrank from him with a pitiful, terrified look, and burst into a paroxysm of sobs.

Never taking his gaze from her, he seized and rang the bell, and on the appearance of a stout, brutish countryman in livery, which did not conceal his rustic origin, he said, in suave, cold tones:

"Her ladyship is far from well this morning, Robert. You will attend her, while she takes an airing in the park—the exercise may do her good."

Obedient as a child, she rose and left the room.

It was then that Paul Hayter once more took in hand the letter he had been perusing when he had been so unpleasantly interrupted.

"There's mischief here," he muttered to himself. "Else what does this interfering knave, Forrester, mean by his allusion to 'prying Americans' and his peremptory demand for an immediate interview, which may, he declares, avert a great family scandal? Well, I think it a little late now to fear disclosures. Still, I do not like the fellow's manner—always so sycophantic, now so obtrusive. What does it mean?"

His meditations were rudely interrupted. The door of his room was flung open and Robert, his servant, gasping for breath, stood before him.

"What is it?" the master cried, astonished at the man's lack of ceremony.

"Her ladyship—her ladyship—is—the fellow stammered.

"Is what, you blockhead?"

"Gone, sir!"

"Gone!"

"Yes. I couldn't help it—indeed, I couldn't help it. I—"

"Cease whining, man, and tell me what has happened!" the master thundered.

"We were in the lime walk back of the house. My lady was sitting on a bench under the shade of the trees. Suddenly a carriage drove up with a lot of people in it."

"Then the lodge-gates were open? I must see to this at once. Now, who was in the carriage?"

"Mrs. Horner, of the Arlington Arms, for one. She jumped out and began talking with my lady."

"And what were you doing meanwhile?"

"Clapped flat on my back by an old chap, as seemed to have the strength of Samson."

"And then?"

"My lady got into the carriage, and they set off towards the village as hard as they could pelt."

"Saddle my black mare immediately and bring her round to the front door."

He was not alarmed, only very angry. He saw in this simply an attempt of a vulgar, revengeful woman, like this innkeeper's wife, to abduct her ladyship from his custody, and he knew that his position in the county and his influence over Lady Arlington would enable him to frustrate her schemes; besides he was not armed with a certificate of her ladyship's insanity, signed by two of the leading physicians of the county and a magistrate's warrant according him her legal guardianship as a person of unsound mind.

If as, all impatient for vengeance, Mr. Paul Hayter sprang upon his horse, he had been gifted with the power of looking through high hills and stone walls, he would have seen Lady Arlington in a chamber of the village inn, flung on her knees before a golden-haired girl, the embodiment of her own proud beauty before her soul had been steeped in selfishness. How different had been his feelings could he have heard the mother's cry:

"My own, my sweet, my darling child, on my knees I implore forgiveness."

Or the daughter's answer, as she kissed the upturned face:

"Mother, dear mother, the past is all forgiven."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Nothing was further from Mr. Paul Hayter's thoughts than an idea of collusion between Lady Arlington and any member of her late husband's family—all he suspected being a conspiracy of the Horners to annoy him in revenge for the wrong he had done the woman's son.

"Horners or hornets," he mused, grimly, as he rode hurriedly to the inn, "may sting, but they are easily crushed."

His astonishment may then be imagined when he rode into the passage of the Arundel Arms, lustily calling for John Horner, to encounter William Bladon, his ancient enemy, older than when he had last seen him, but with a bearing insolent and undiminished as ever.

He did not design to betray the recognition.

"Where is John Horner, fellow? Send him to me at once," he demanded, as without ceremony he strode into the inn parlor.

"Mr. Horner is engaged, sir; I will wait upon you; what did you please to want?"

"Where is the woman Horner?—fetch her at least," was the peremptory request.

"She be too busy to attend you, sir. I reckon you'll have to put up with my rough services."

Paul Hayter bit his lip and stared in hopeless indignation at his tormentor. But the more angry he became, the cooler was his manner.

"Is Lady Arlington in this house?" he asked.

"She be, sir."

"I wish to see her."

"Was you a callin' on her ledship?"

Bladon asked in a tone of sympathetic respect that was simply maddening.

"I will see if her ledship will receive you, sir. What name shall I say, sir?"

"You know my name well enough, William Bladon. Tell her that Mr. Hayter requests her immediate presence in this room."

"Cert'nly, sir, cert'nly. I'll see if her ledship will receive you."

He bowed low and left the room. Hayter quite understood the insolence of the man's excessive courtesy, but the

moment was too grave to resent the superciliousness of a menial. He would settle accounts with Bladon, when Lady Arlington was restored to his guardianship.

But he has little time for meditation, for the door opens and Bladon reappears.

"Her ledship declines to see thee, sir."

"What!"

"But, my lord will be with thee in a crack."

"Lord! What lord?" Hayter cried, losing for a moment his splendid self-command in his surprise.

But before Bladon could reply there trooped into the room George Arundel, Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, Harry and Kate Evesham, and Mrs. Horner.

"Really, ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Hayter declared, rising, "I had no idea that Mrs. Horner was entertaining company; but I will only intrude long enough to beg our worthy hosts to conduct me into the presence of Lady Arlington."

"My mother declines to see you,"

George said, confronting him with so stern an expression that Harry was constrained to whisper in his ear that Hayter's gray hairs protected him from violence.

"Really, my good fellow, as I have not the slightest desire to make your mother's acquaintance, you will pardon me if I say your remark borders on an impertinence," Hayter declared with superb superciliousness.

"You are speaking to Lady Arlington's son, sir," Mr. Hardcastle interrupted fiercely.

"And you, sir?" Hayter asked in suave tones, "what role do you play in this little comedy?"

But even he blanched, as Hardcastle, ignoring his insolence, said in a quiet, business-like way:

"Harry, guard the door—Bladon, take your place at the window—the village constable will soon be here."

Then, turning to his wife, he added in a stage whisper:

"Do you recognize him, Esther, as the man, who, under the guise of a photographer, entered your house in New York, the night after Ambrose Arlington was murdered, and stole his papers?"

"I do."

Was it by design that at this critical moment Harry Evesham left the room without even closing the door behind him? If so, the ruse succeeded admirably; for no sooner did Hayter see the chance of escape, than he made a dash for liberty. At the door stood a boy with his horse. With one wild spring he was on the animal's back, and before Bladon, who, oddly enough, tumbled over Harry and George in his violent effort to stop him, could reach him, he was gone.

"I hated to let the villain escape so easily," Harry said that evening when he and Hardcastle were smoking their cigars.

"But we could not help it, Harry," was the sage reply. "There was not a single crime with which we could charge him; and if there were, it would have been at the cost of the reputation of Wanda's mother."

"True, sir."

"Why, Harry," continued Mr. Hardcastle, waxing warm on the subject, "if that fellow's conscience had not failed him when I alluded to Ambrose Arlington's murder, he might have set us at defiance and given us a world of trouble."

"And you think we have seen the last of him?"

"Think! I'm certain. He is running he believes with the halter round his neck and he will not stay till he has put the sea between him and England."

"No doubt he has made preparations for such an emergency."

"Of course he has, having handled the revenues of this fine property so many years. But, 'pon my word, I thought Bladon was going to spoil our little scheme. What a tiger the old fellow is."

"Isn't he? He toppled George and me over like nine pins, and even then nearly got his hand upon the horse's bridle."

"Which would all tend to assure Mr. Hayter that delay would be dangerous," Mr. Hardcastle chuckled.

That was the last anyone in England saw of Paul Hayter.

Lady Arlington, thoroughly repentant, retired to the Dower house, where she died a few months after the exciting scene of Hayter's flight and her emancipation.

She claimed to have acted under the spell of this accomplished ruffian's marvelous hypnotic powers, sacrificing at his will child, husband and honor—a story which Wanda devoutly believed and the others charitably accepted.

Lord George Arundel, now Earl of Arlington, married Kate Evesham, and Harry shortly afterwards led to the altar the Lady Wanda.

Glastonbury is a great city now with wide streets and magnificent residences, and there to this day lives Harry Evesham with his charming wife and growing family—rich, respected, loved by the poor, who never go empty from his door, still in the vigor of life and with I hope many years of happiness before him.

Not to know Mrs. Evesham in Glastonbury argues yourself unknown. She is the idol of old and young, and yet so unassuming has been her manner that her friends would be as astonished to learn that she was an earl's daughter as they would be to be told that she was the heroine of such a dramatic story as involves the career of NUMBER SIX'S SISTER.

[THE END.]

NEEDED LUBRICATING.

His Tongue was Dry and He Couldn't Articulate.

A line of stalwart longshoremen were loading a truck with coffee in bags on the Brazil line dock the other day while a clerk stood on a box taking tally of them as they reached the dock. Each man as he passed with a bag on his head called out: "One, two, three," for the clerk to tally by. When the longshoreman with bag No. 5 came along he glanced behind at his follower with a mischievous smile and said: "Tally it 8-8-five." The stammering had its intended effect. The porter with the next bag, who had an unfortunate impediment in his speech, broke down completely. What he said sounded something like this: "Sis-sis-sis-sis," then a shrill whistle and "sis-sis" again, accompanied by extraordinary contortions of the face. He kept it up for a minute and then walked to the track with the bag, dumped it off his head and came back to the clerk. After stamping the ground and slapping his sides he finally ejaculated: "Tally sis-sis-sis for me." After getting out the fateful word he turned on his tormentor and called him hard names by the yard and wound up by telling the boss stevedore who stood near: "I want to quit, I stammer."

"Yes," said the stevedore, "I notice it." Giving him a coin, he said: "Go lubricate and hurry back to work."

San Francisco Chronicle.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Arthur Howells is one of the neatest men in his attire. He spends six hours a day at his desk, writing usually from nine till three, with no midday lunch to divert his thoughts.

—Japanese women are merry little creatures, with sparkling, laughing eyes. The best writings of the country are from their pens. The girls age rapidly and soon lose their beauty, but never their vivacity.

—Rev. Mr. Mandell, of Cambridge, Mass., gives the poor and their children free rides in his carriage. In six years he has given over five thousand airings of this kind to those who would not otherwise enjoy such a thing.

—Queen Olga of Greece, who has just celebrated her fortieth birthday, became a grandmother at thirty-nine. The Empress Frederick became a grandmother at the same time, while the empress of Austria attained that dignity at thirty-six.

—Herbert Spencer, the renowned philosopher and author, is a man of medium stature, with pink-and-white cheeks and kind, gray eyes. His neck is encircled by bushy, iron-gray whiskers. He dresses in excellent taste, keeping himself remarkably "well-groomed" for a philosopher.

—When Mrs. Jefferson Davis began to assist her husband, soon after they were married, by acting as his amanuensis, her handwriting was too girlish to please him, and she determined to imitate his handwriting. With tracing paper she copied and recopied his manuscript until by practice she could produce his writing in fac-simile.

—It is reported that Dom Pedro is deeply affected by the emphatic refusal of the Brazilian congress to grant him leave to live in Brazil. The emperor's devotion to that country is touching, and visitors say that tears came into his eyes every time that Brazil was mentioned in his presence. All that he asked was the privilege of dying in Brazil, and this has been denied him.

—Senator Sherman in his library at Mansfield has a large fireproof vault containing his enormous private correspondence with prominent men and women. There is material for a magnificent autograph collection in this mass of letters. Among the most interesting, it is said, are the long, confidential and affectionate personal missives of the senator's martial brother.

—Miss Seidmore, authoress of "Jinrikisha Days," commenced her literary career as Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and other western papers, under the pen-name of "Ruhamah," that being the portion of her given name received from her grandmother. Miss Seidmore was a native of Wisconsin, from which place she went to Washington some years ago. She is a contributor to various leading periodicals, and has written two books. She has been an extensive traveler, and went to Alaska on the first steamer that carried passengers to that latest addition to the United States.

HUMOROUS.

—Examiner (in physics): "What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?" Pupils: "It goes out."

—A Rainy Day.—"Come in Jones—have a drink—are you dry?" Jones (shivering):—"Ch-z-ch-z-z-ch-z—Not on the outside."—Pharmaceutical Era.

—A Suggestion to Inventors.—"Dear, the baby's crying. Get up and warm the milk." "I wish the baby were like the stove." "How do you mean?"

"A self-feeder."—Epoch.

—A New Style in Cellars.—"Pfwere's the old man, Mrs. McCobb?" "Misther McCobb, ma'am, is at prisint on the south side assishin' in the erection of a cellar, thank yez."—Indianapolis Journal.

—De Long.—"Your daughter, sir, has declined me with thanks. She is literary, you know, and she says she is in need of shorter articles." "Paterfamilias—" "Uml! Couldn't you get her to accept you as a serial?"—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

—"Did he literally steal?" said the horrified friend when he heard of a trusted employee's downfall. "Well," was the reply, "as his method was to fix up the accounts, I suppose you might say he stole figuratively."

—The compositor made the reporter speak of a female orator as a "strong-winded woman," when the reporter wrote "a strong-minded woman," but the proof-reader let it go, because, he said, that wasn't much of a mistake.

—First Detective—"Why was Sleuthy discharged?" Second Ditto—"He was accused of seditious cruelty." First Detective—"What did he do?" Second Ditto—"He handcuffed a prisoner in New Jersey during the mosquito season."—Harper's Bazar.

LADIES.

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box \$1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street Chicago, Ill.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Save Yourself Money.—When you go to Pittsburgh, Pa., stop at the Anchor Hotel, corner Liberty and Fourth streets. It is a strictly first-class hotel conducted on the European plan. Lodging, 25, 35, or 50 cents. 24-17

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Arthur Howells is one of the neatest men in his attire. He spends six hours a day at his desk, writing usually from nine till three, with no midday lunch to divert his thoughts.

—Japanese women are merry little creatures, with sparkling, laughing eyes. The best writings of the country are from their pens. The girls age rapidly and soon lose their beauty, but never their vivacity.

—Rev. Mr. Mandell, of Cambridge, Mass., gives the poor and their children free rides in his carriage. In six years he has given over five thousand airings of this kind to those who would not otherwise enjoy such a thing.

—Queen Olga of Greece, who has just celebrated her fortieth birthday, became a grandmother at thirty-nine. The Empress Frederick became a grandmother at the same time, while the empress of Austria attained that dignity at thirty-six.

—Herbert Spencer, the renowned philosopher and author, is a man of medium stature, with pink-and-white cheeks and kind, gray eyes. His neck is encircled by bushy, iron-gray whiskers. He dresses in excellent taste, keeping himself remarkably "well-groomed" for a philosopher.

—When Mrs. Jefferson Davis began to assist her husband, soon after they were married, by acting as his amanuensis, her handwriting was too girlish to please him, and she determined to imitate his handwriting. With tracing paper she copied and recopied his manuscript until by practice she could produce his writing in fac-simile.

—It is reported that Dom Pedro is deeply affected by the emphatic refusal of the Brazilian congress to grant him leave to live in Brazil. The emperor's devotion to that country is touching, and visitors say that tears came into his eyes every time that Brazil was mentioned in his presence. All that he asked was the privilege of dying in Brazil, and this has been denied him.

—Senator Sherman in his library at Mansfield has a large fireproof vault containing his enormous private correspondence with prominent men and women. There is material for a magnificent autograph collection in this mass of letters. Among the most interesting, it is said, are the long, confidential and affectionate personal missives of the senator's martial brother.

—Miss Seidmore, authoress of "Jinrikisha Days," commenced her literary career as Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and other western papers, under the pen-name of "Ruhamah," that being the portion of her given name received from her grandmother. Miss Seidmore was a native of Wisconsin, from which place she went to Washington some years ago. She is a contributor to various leading periodicals, and has written two books. She has been an extensive traveler, and went to Alaska on the first steamer that carried passengers to that latest addition to the United States.

HUMOROUS.

—Examiner (in physics): "What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?" Pupils: "It goes out."

—A Rainy Day.—"Come in Jones—have a drink—are you dry?" Jones (shivering):—"Ch-z-ch-z-z-ch-z—Not on the outside."—Pharmaceutical Era.

—A Suggestion to Inventors.—"Dear, the baby's crying. Get up and warm the

Bellefonte Republican.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—It costs the average Bellefonter twelve dollars a year for shoes.

—A new barn in being erected at the State College under the charge of Frank Kennedy.

—The Bellefonte High school closes this week. The other schools will continue until the eighth of June.

—It is never late to mend. This is why the cobbler never has your boots done at the time promised.

—George R. Meek, son of senator Meek is editor in chief of the *Watchman* while his parents are on a trip to the western coast.

—There are about sixty men at work on the new mechanical engineering building at State College. The work is being pushed ahead rapidly.

—Cyrus Showers of Beaver street Bellefonte had a new arrival at his house last Thursday. The little stranger demands a great deal of attention.

—"Tangled up" to be played at the Opera house to-morrow night is said to be one of the best that ever came to town. It will be worth seeing.

—The R. M. Foster base ball club of State College would like to arrange with some good club for a game on the fourth of July away from here.

—Only one marriage license was issued during the past week and that one was to Charles Luther Sunday and Bertha Lell Bressler, of Pennsylvania Furnace.

—The Bellefonte Curb Market was opened for business last Saturday. There were several wagons at the curb and things sold readily at a fair price.

—Mrs. Frank Wallace Jr. of Milesburg, died last week Wednesday. Funeral Friday at 2 o'clock interment at Union cemetery Bellefonte. Mrs. Wallace was beloved by all who knew her.

—A stable belonging to George Robb, of Coleville, was totally destroyed by fire last week Wednesday night at about 10 o'clock. The fire caused quite an excitement in that little suburban town.

—From all accounts Altoona is a good place for young ladies to go who desire to catch well-off husbands, as according to the "say so" of Altoona every young man is "well fixed and owns two houses."

—There was a Pleasant social gathering at the house of J. V. Thomas on Allegheny street last Thursday evening. The occasion was a benefit to the young ladies' sewing circle. The young people enjoyed themselves by dancing.

—Of course the amount of money a preacher receives for performing the Marriage ceremony is an unknown quantity, but from the number of weddings performed, and to be, this ought to be a valuable source of revenue at present.

—The County Commissioners have purchased the booths, ballot boxes and other fixings necessary to fill the requirement of the Baker ballot law. All the material together cost \$1,277.55. A sample booth will be set up for the curious to look at.

—John P. Harris, has erected a beautiful monument to the memory of his son, Harold, in the Union Cemetery. It is of granite, has inscribed upon it the date of birth and death also the words "It is well with my soul." It is an enduring tablet to the memory of a beloved son.

—The last court awarded to Mrs. David Lohr \$900 as damages for injury received on a defective board walk in the borough of Philipsburg. The *Journal* of that place preaches a little sermon to the people of that town and Bellefonte on taking better care in such matters and says that they can pay 900 dollars but Bellefonte can not Oh! dear?

—Squire J. M. Thompson, of State College, has laid out a large block of building lots which are being sold and twenty or thirty new houses will be built there in the near future. Since the Bellefonte Central rail road has been extended to the College the demand for lots has very much increased. There is no reason why a large and beautiful town should not grow up at State College.

—Smith Barnhart who, when we came here in 1873 was an active politician and quite prominent lawyer at this bar and who some fifteen years ago moved to the west settling in the State of Iowa, has come back again and once more walks our streets just as natural as ever. It is only for a visit though, and a little business and to see old friends, then he will return west again. He says he would like to stay here like the east best.

—When the checker tournament now being played at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. has been brought to an end and the champion player of Bellefonte has won his laurels, *The Republican* has a man we would like to match against him, if all parties will agree. We think we have a man that can vanquish in no time the best player here. Such a contest by giants of the checker game would be watched with intense interest by all lovers of checker playing.

AN INSANE MAN IN LOCK HAVEN.

Enters a Lodge Room and Destroys Property.

The following account of the doings of a crazy man is copied from the Lock Haven *Express* of last Friday. George Livingston, of Renovo, came to this city last Monday to attend court, having been drawn to serve as a grand juror. It was noticeable, however, that he was suffering from mental troubles and aberration of mind, and consequently excused from service as a juror. He has remained in this city during the week, and while associating with his friends and acquaintances it was plainly seen that he was gradually growing worse, and was likely to lose his reasoning power entirely. His hallucinations were of a harmless character and of a religious tendency. His friends however concluded that it would be best to have him placed in a hospital for the insane where he could receive proper treatment. A commission was appointed and as a result of the legal investigation it was decided to remove him to Warren this morning and placed him in the hospital for the insane at that place. Last night about eight o'clock he entered the social rooms of the "Elks" on Main street. There was but one person there when Livingston entered the rooms. Livingston proceeded to the rear room and disrobed himself of all his clothing, even removing his stockings. He then reentered the front parlor and commenced playing on the piano. By this time three other gentlemen had entered the rooms and they insisted upon Livingston dressing himself.

He refused, however and picking up a violin began playing upon it. As he did so the bridge fell, making a sharp snapping sound, and this seemed to create in his mind a desire to break something. In an instant the violin was crushed to atoms, and the demon seemed to have control of the young man's brain, as he continued his work of destruction. The gentlemen who were in the rooms fled, and Livingston, seizing the iron top of a steam heat radiator dealt blows right and left, smashing mirrors, cut glass, musical instruments, electroliers, and in fact every thing breakable that was in reach. The crushing blows and the sound of breaking glass attracted the attention of people on the street and a large crowd soon collected in front of the Elk rooms. It was some little time before officers arrived and entered the rooms and over-powered the unfortunate man. After inducing him to clothe himself he went peacefully with the officers to the jail where he was kept until this morning when he was taken to Warren by Deputy Sheriff McNaull, Policeman Griffin and W. A. Reed. The loss caused by Livingston's destructiveness in the Elk rooms is heavy but, the exact amount can scarcely be determined, as a number of the musical instruments destroyed were the property of individual members who prized them highly, not only for their intrinsic worth but for their age and associations.

GRAN GERS' WILLIAMS' GROVE PICNIC.

A meeting of the Managers of the Grangers' Interstate Picnic Association was in Grange Hall, Thomas Printing House, Mechanicsburg, on Thursday, May 5th, and details of the arrangements for the Nineteenth Annual Meeting completed. The action of the General Manager in dating the Picnic of 1892—to open Monday, August 29th, and close Saturday, September 3, was unanimously ratified.

Committee on Exhibits reported a greater demand for space than for any former year, and the Committee on Rentals reported every cottage at Williams' Grove, as well as every tent, owned by the Association engaged for the coming meeting. It was decided to procure fifty additional large size canvas tents, and to largely increase the accommodations in general.

Committee on Printing reported 50,000 date cards already printed and distributed. It was ordered that 200,000 circulars of information be issued and ready for distribution by July 1st and 50,000 eight-page programs be issued by August 1st.

The General Manager stated that the trunk lines of railroad had intimated that accommodations and rates for passengers and freight to Williams' Grove during the meeting of 1892 will be made with the same liberality as heretofore, and all indications are favorable to a larger gathering this year than ever yet assembled at the Grove.

After the appointment of several new committees the Board of Managers adjourned to meet July 1.

H. S. MOHLER, Secretary.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Mrs. Mary Christy, a colored woman residing in Harrisburg, passed the one hundredth milestone of her life on Wednesday. She was a schoolmate of ex-President Buchanan at Mercersburg, and often speaks of that gentleman. Mrs. Christy for a number of years has been blind and her hearing slightly defective, yet her health is remarkably good and her disposition child like and gentle. She has led an ideal Christian life for years, and has not left her home since 1885.

—It is said that President Harrison has 325 delegates instructed for him on the first ballot, to speak plainly this is not so, the papers claiming this for him count Pennsylvania delegates in and everyone in this state knows that he will only get the delegates of this State, perhaps, and so it is with many other delegations that his friends are claiming. The republican dele-

gates of this state are going to the national convention to assist to nominate the best and most available candidate if it is Harrison all right if it is Blaine or any other good republican it is all right also. There is no candidate got 300 instructed delegates and what is more there is no man that could capture that nomination by just saying he would take it but James G. Blaine the greatest statesman of the age.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATES.

The following transfers of Real Estate are taken from the record:

John T. Fowler and wife to Eva Sharrer, lot of ground in Taylor township. Consideration \$400. Deed made February 26, 1892.

E. J. Pruner to Eva Sharrer, lot of ground in Taylor township. Consideration, \$650. Deed dated April 30, 1892.

E. C. and Franklin Dietz, administrators to J. D. Thompson, lot of ground in Howard borough. Consideration, \$10.35. Deed made April 6, 1892.

John D. Thompson and wife to Ephraim C. Dietz, lot of ground in Howard borough. Consideration \$1100. Deed dated April 14, 1892.

Jacob Gephart and wife to W. S. Mueser, lot of ground in Millheim borough. Consideration, \$350. Deed dated March 30, 1892.

Commissioners of Centre county to P. Gray Meek, lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration \$255. Deed dated May 4, 1892.

Mary Taylor to Henry Vaughn, lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration \$250. Deed dated Dec. 22, 1890.

P. S. and D. J. Meyer to William See, lot of ground in Centre Hall. Consideration, \$200. Deed dated March 31, 1892.

Commissioners of Centre county to Daniel Straw, lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration, \$4. Deed dated May 15, 1888.

Commissioners of Centre county to C. M. Hower, lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration, \$3. Deed dated May 11, 1892.

Chas. Smith, treasurer, to Commissioners of Centre county, lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration, \$3. Deed dated September 6, 1886.

John Hamilton and wife to George S. Holter, lot of ground in College township. Consideration \$1500. Deed dated March 31, 1891.

George B. Jack and wife to John Hook, lot of ground in Harris township. Consideration, \$175. Deed dated May 26, 1890.

J. S. Murry and wife to J. W. Whiteman, lot of ground in Centre Hall borough. Consideration, \$140.90. Deed dated September 22, 1888.

Samuel J. Herring, executor, to Wm. P. Hosterman, lot of ground in Gregg township. Consideration, \$3753.30. Deed dated April 1, 1890.

Mrs. Mary Shiffer to George H. Woods, M. D. lot of ground in Ferguson township. Consideration, \$600. Deed dated May 24, 1888.

Dudd Thomson to Mary E. Cowher, lot of ground in Worth township. Consideration, \$1 and exchange. Deed dated April 9, 1895.

C. Alexander and wife to A. R. Alexander, lot of ground in Penn township. Consideration, \$245. Deed dated Feb. 16, 1890.

John Zimmerman and wife to Anna Barnhart, lot of ground in Boggs township. Consideration, \$500. Deed dated August 19, 1891.

George Buchanan, att'y in fact, to Jno. Frank, lot of ground in Haines township. Consideration, \$7.55. Deed dated Dec. 6, 1897.

COUNCIL'S DOINGS.

The council meeting last Monday evening was short and peppy. President Hillish was in the chair. Five other members and the clerk sat around the table. The matter of the waste of water at the tank of the Penna. railroad came up again; the clerk was instructed to write to Supt. Blair about it.

As we said two weeks ago the street committee could not see any use for an electric light on Pike alley. Those Pike alleys will have to be content with dark ness.

A request from William F. Reynolds for permission to lay a sewer from the house now occupied by Mr. Geo. Jackson, on East Linn street, was granted; the work to be under the supervision of the street committee. The water committee have cleaned out the reservoir and say they found it needed it. A great deal of wrangling about expenses was indulged in and then they adjourned.

—Percy Blackford, son of Geo. Blackford, Bellefonte, came home from Johnstown last Saturday. He had started some days before to go to Pittsburgh and stopped off at Johnstown and stayed over night. As he entered the depot next morning to continue his journey he found his train just moving out; he went for it and in attempting to get on his foot slipped under the wheel taking off a portion of his toes. He limped back into the town, a doctor dressed his wounds and he returned home. It is said that he may be laid up for several weeks and that he may be permanently lame.

—The old well known firm of Bunnell & Aikens has been dissolved, Mr. Bunnell, the senior member, going to Philipsburg where he has engaged in the same business. Mr. J. A. Aikens, the junior member, will continue on at the old stand. We wish them both success. Mr. Aikens is a live business man and that is what Bellefonte needs just at this time.

DO YOU WANT TO VOTE?

If You Do Go to the Court House on Friday, May 27th.

In order that the voters of Centre county may be fully informed regarding the new mode of voting under the Baker Ballot Law a sample booth will be erected in the Arbitration room in the court house and our people given a chance to test its good or bad qualities. The following card from County Chairman Reeder more fully explains the purpose:

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—

Dear Sir:—You are requested to notify your many patrons that an opportunity will be given to the voters of Centre county to see the practical workings of the Baker Ballot Law at the Court House in Bellefonte on Friday, May 27th, 1892. Through the courtesy of the County Commissioners the Arbitration Room in the Court House has been provided for the purpose.

The *Pittsburg Times* has made all necessary arrangements to have a representative visit Bellefonte on the day named. He will bring with him all the paraphernalia required by the law, such as ballots, ballot boxes, and voting compartments; and an election conducted in strict conformity with the requirements of the law will be held for one day.

On the day named every one will be welcome to come in, examine the system, vote, and become familiar with all the requirements of this new departure. It is particularly recommended that members of election boards from all parts of the county should come to Bellefonte and take advantage of this opportunity to inform themselves by a practical lesson.

The *Pittsburg Times* appreciates the fact that practical information is necessary in all parts of the state and have therefore arranged a series of exhibitions like the one proposed for Bellefonte throughout this entire portion of the state.

This exhibition will be given to the public free of all expense, as all expense of shipment, printing, etc., is born by the *Pittsburg Times* alone. It is hoped that the public generally will take advantage of this opportunity so generously offered to them. Very respectfully,

WILBUR F. REEDER.

TO REPRESENT THE STANDARD.

The *Tyrone Herald* has this to say about Harry Brew: H. C. Brew has resigned his position as shop clerk for the Tyrone division P. R. R., to take effect June 1, and will thereafter represent the Standard Scale and Supply Co., of Pittsburgh, whose scale factory is located in Bellefonte. His territory will be the counties of Central Pennsylvania and we are glad to learn that he will continue to be a resident of Tyrone which is an excellent point from which to cover the field over which he will travel. The *Herald* wishes him unmeasured success in his new undertaking and as the Standard's representative is well equipped with the qualities necessary to success, there is no doubt of his having it.

Mr. Brew came from Bellefonte to Tyrone in 1876 and for two years filled the position of store-keeper in the Tyrone yard. He was then promoted to shop clerk to succeed W. T. Hoar, now of Red Oak, Iowa, and for over thirteen years he has ably and acceptably filled this responsible post. He will be succeeded as shop clerk by J. Walter Moore, and a better appointment could not have been made. Mr. Moore was for six years assistant shop clerk with Mr. Brew and during the past two years has been a member of the efficient clerical force in Superintendent Blair's office. The *Herald* congratulates him on his merited promotion.

—Rev. W. Lee Spottswood, D. D., a prominent minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, died at the home of his son-in-law, Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, D. D., at Kansas City, Mo., on Thursday evening, May 5, aged 70 years. He had been a member of the church for 50 years and a minister in its service for 49 years. Many of the older members of that church in Bellefonte will remember him as he preached here in the years 1855–58. He was a man of great scholarly attainments, an eloquent speaker, a bright light to direct men to the feet of the master. He had not been in active service since 1880.

—A correspondent of the *Altoona Tribune* makes a strong defence of Senator Quay calling to account certain gentlemen in Hollidaysburg who have issued a manifesto against the junior senator and says: "The people of Blair county are the last who should turn against Senator Quay at this time." As far as we can see there is no danger of the people of Blair or any other county turning against the senator to an extent that will do him much harm. There has been a very general test of his popularity lately and we have not heard of a county turning against senator Quay and do not expect to.

DR. SALM, THE SPECIALIST.

Dr. Salm, the Specialist, of Columbus, O who visits Bellefonte every four weeks and who will be at the Bush House on the 30th of May, is one of the best specialists for ear, eye, nose, throat or lung affections that ever visited Bellefonte. If you are afflicted in any way whatever you will find it to your advantage to consult Dr. Salm. Consultation in all cases is free. Read the testimonials in the advertisement in this paper of some of the wonderful cures that the Doctor has effected. Remember the date of his next visit to Bellefonte.

A new post office has been established at Shingletown in this county. Wilson. W.

Leach, one of the prominent citizens of this thriving town must call and see us and tell us all about it. Shingletown is not far from Boalsburg.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mrs. Will Conley, of Bellefonte visited friends at Milton and Williamsport last week.

Miss Lula Meek is occupying the local editor's chair at the *WATCHMAN* office during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Meek in their trip across the continent.

Miss Lena Beezer, one of the efficient composers in this office, returned Monday evening from a ten days' visit with friends in Altoona.

It is thought by some that if the census of Bellefonte was taken now the population would not number as much by 800 as it did at the taking of the last enumeration.

William Burnside, Esq., is spending a few days in town looking after the Bellefonte branch of the Standard scale Supply Co., which is located out at Valentines Iron Works.

Dale, the 4-year-old son of Elmer E. Bell, of Mapleton Huntingdon Co., had the end of one finger severed by an axe in the hands of his elder brother on Sunday before last.

Mrs. W. Hilderbrandt, of Mt. Union Huntingdon Co., who fell down stairs on Wednesday night of last week died of her injuries on Friday night. She survived her husband but eight days.

John N. Tillard of Altoona, was in town last week trying to organize a lodge of the order of Heptasophs. The order is a beneficial insurance organization. We have not learned that he succeeded however.

Frank H. Clemson visited some Bellefonte friends after his return from his extended bridal trip. He was married April 26 to Miss Eva L. Gray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gray, of Buffalo Run. He is a son of A. E. Clemson, of Pennsylvania Furnace; as we stated last week the young couple are at home to friends at Scotia.

Sam and Lem Brooks, who have been away some months on a business trip, have returned home on a visit to their parents and friends. They have a very lucrative business and we should think pleasant for young men for it takes them all over the country, giving them an opportunity to see all the wonderful natural sights in the United States and Canada.

Harry P. Henchy, of Altoona, a freight flagman on the Pittsburgh division, P. R. R., while walking on the track near Wilmerding was struck by the 1st mail train and instantly killed. The unfortunate man, who was aged twenty-nine years, was born in Tyrone and was a son of Thomas C. Henchy who survives him. He also leaves a wife, one child, three brothers and one sister.

DEATH OF JAMES MORRISON.

Died, at the home of his son on Bishop street, Bellefonte, Sunday, May 15th, Jas. Morrison, aged 66 years, 11 months and 15 days.

Deceased was father of Gaylor Morrison, Recorder of Centre county. He has been in feeble health for a great many years. He came from Port Matilda about 2 years ago and was at that time too feeble to walk from the train to the house. About seven weeks ago he grew worse and realizing that death was at hand he called his children to his side and gave them his last counsel and advice. He suffered great pain patiently until last Sunday when death came to his relief. The funeral was held on Tuesday from the house. His remains were taken to Port Matilda for interment. He was born at Port Matilda and has lived all his life in this county; when a young man he taught school in winter and worked at farming the balance of the year. He was an earnest Christian, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, an honest faithful man. His wife died six years ago. He leaves two children, a son Gaylor and a daughter Mary, to mourn their loss. The daughter is married to J. W. Rightmire. Mr. and Mrs. Rightmire and Gaylor keep house together on Bishop street.

—Harry S. Sayre is well known to the people of Bellefonte and also to the people generally all over the county. The following short article therefore clipped from a Lock Haven paper will be of general interest: At the hotel Metzler, in Lock Haven, at 8.30 a. m., Harry S. Sayre, of Dubois, was united in marriage to Miss Ella J. Rote, of Tyrone, by Alderman John P. Anthony. Mr. Sayre is one of Dubois' active business men, being engaged in the wholesale confectionery and bakery business. Miss Rote who has successfully conducted dressmaking for a number of years in Tyrone, is well known and well fitted for the position hymen's contract has given her.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Orders Issued For the General Observance of the Day.

HQHS, DEPARTMENT OF PENNA.,
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
No. 1025 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, May 4, 1892.

General Orders No. 7.

I. Once more, the returning spring with its opening flowers resurrects the memory of our fallen comrades, and reminds us of the approach of our sacred Memorial Day. We see them as they fell when, more than a quarter of a century ago, the flood-tide of death swept them from our side; we see them scattered along our march of the passing years, some with the dew of death not yet wiped away and the flowers still fresh sprinkled with the tears of loved ones. Those of us that remain are but few in comparison with those who sleep beneath the ground that shall echo with our solemn tread. Soon we must commit this sacred duty to other hands; let us do it faithfully while we can. It is timely and profitable we should once again repair to the graves of our fallen comrades, and let the memory of their heroic deeds baptize us afresh with loyalty to their heroism and devotion to their country.

Need I urge upon you that each step and action on that day be so fraught with regard for the occasion and reverence for the departed comrades that we shall command the respect and commendation of every citizen throughout the nation.

Let us reverently and tenderly garland with nature's purest and most fragrant gift each mound where sleeps our comrade, and affectionately think of the unknown and unmarked graves of our patriot brothers, remembering that in this solemn mission we have the sympathy and prayers of the widow and orphan, and the blessing of a grateful republic.

II. Arrangements will be made by the posts in this department for the observance of Memorial Day, Monday, May 30, 1892. Comrades are enjoined to see that this sacred duty is performed in a solemn and reverent manner.

III. In localities where there are more than one post co-operation in the ceremonies should be observed.

IV. Forms for Memorial Day services can be had upon application to these headquarters.

By command of Department Commander

JOHN P. TAYLOR.

SAMUEL P. TOWN,

Assistant Adjutant General.

THAT FIFTH WHEEL INDUSTRY.

It is said that Howard is likely to lose its principal industry. The competition among towns to secure valuable industries to locate in their midst has prompted some wealthier towns to offer inducements to the Fifth Wheel Manufacturing of our neighboring town of Howard to leave that place. Williamsport has offered to donate to them land for the erection of their buildings for their works and two citizens have offered to increase the capital twenty thousand dollars. They have also received a very flattering offer from the town of Saginaw, Mich. This enterprise was started at Howard years ago and has steadily grown until now it is quite a large establishment adding much to the business life of the place. The demand for its product has always been more than the works could supply. Through good and dull times this factory has been kept busy. If it is taken away its loss will be severely felt at Howard.

PRESS ORDERED.

We have ordered the Philadelphia *Weekly Press* for the following parties if they are not received within one week they will please notify this office at once.

Rachel P. Confer, Howard; P. Rudy, State College; James Flick, Milesburg.

—William Budinger, of Salisbury, has been spending the winter with his son, T. B. Budinger, at Snow Shoe. He has been suffering with a cataract on his eyes which destroyed his sight. A few weeks ago his son took him to Philadelphia for treatment which, we understand, has resulted successfully, his sight being restored. Mr. Budinger, Sr., is 72 years old.

—A peculiar case of absentmindedness was made manifest on Tuesday evening on Thomas street when a rather prominent individual who had had gone into a neighbors house, on starting for home picked up the coal bucket and carried it away in place of a bucket of milk he had taken with him.

The selection of Justice Harlan, of the U. S. Supreme Court, and Senator Morgan, of Alabama, as arbitrators to represent the United States in the Behring Sea arbitration gives general satisfaction.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The Summer Term opens August 1st, in Vocal and Instrumental Music. For catalogues address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg, Pa.

Vol. 23-No. 20—4t

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE